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WINTER IN SPITZBERGEN.

101 235

A Book for Youth.

FROM THE GERMAN OF

C. HILDEBRANDT,

PREACHER IN BILSDORF, NEAR HALBERSTADT.

BY

E. GOODRICH SMITH.

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WINTER IN SPITZBERGEN.

First Evening.

JULIA. Suppose, then, we were at a certain time in our winter palace?—now, farewell, trees and flowers; in half a year I shall see you again.

MARIA. And welcome in the long winter evenings, then, my dear spinning-wheel! and thou, my knitting-needles, and you, too, my books! We shall scarcely know how fast the few winter months fly away!

GUSTAVUS. I shall know well how to use my winter quarters.

MARIA. But it is to be hoped you will spare us your eternal noisy drilling.

GUSTAVUS. That cannot be certainly known yet. I will be a soldier, and so I must exercise.

JULIA. Here in this room?

GUSTAVUS. Now, I will so far yield that I will not march and exercise for whole hours. The ground does not suit it. Is it not so, brother?

MAX. Right. It is not fitted, either, for long marches.

MARIA. Mother, too, would make many serious objections, if you begin here again what you have left off in the yard and garden.

GUSTAVUS. Don't trouble yourself. You shall have no inconvenience from our quartering here. I will use my time well.

MAX. That is my determination too. You girls shall see, to your full satisfaction, how it is possible for us to employ our time, and shall have opportunity to learn many things.

JULIA. We thank you beforehand. You may do as you please, if the spinning-wheel and the needle does not disturb you.

MARIA. But to speak seriously,—how we can rightly employ the time, so as not to lose a moment, I do not know. Sir Winter has come in so roughly, and in so unpleasant a mood, that, if he goes on in this way—

GUSTAVUS. Now we can meet the stern old fellow. We have a warm room, light, company, books—

JULIA. And do not forget the main thing—provisions; with you soldiers, this is the main thing.

GUSTAVUS. That is the main thing for father and mother. They have taken good care for the supplies.

MAX. And another important matter is, our talks together—

JULIA. Which you will certainly take charge of, Sir Doctor?

MAX. That is to be expected. I will willingly do it to the best of my powers. But you would like to know what I—I know.

MARIA. What is it?

MAX. Yes, yes, you would be glad to know what I know! to tell you the truth, I am rejoiced that winter has come.

GUSTAVUS. Do not be so long in making believe. Go ahead, and give us as well as you can what you do know.

MAX. Hear, then. You have often wondered when father lately was more busy and active than ever—when he went straight from the table into his study?

GUSTAVUS. Yes, indeed! It occurred to me that father did not take his usual walk—his rounds in the garden. But what in the world has that to do with our winter quarters, I should like to know?

MAX. A great deal. Father has many evenings in a week wholly at liberty this winter.

JULIA. Grand! that will allow him to relate

something to us. He will go from the north to the south.

GUSTAVUS. From Leipzig to Waterloo.

MAX. Now hear further. You have often missed me, have you not?

GUSTAVUS. Yes.

JULIA. How important the young man feels!

MAX. I have always been with father. He said to me that he would relate some story during the long winter evenings, and so I have examined and arranged all the maps, all the sketches, engravings, and books—in short, everything which is necessary for our instruction, so that I may find every sheet of paper in the desk.

GUSTAVUS. Thank you, dear Max. Now there will be something to be heard; many famous men to be paraded out; many celebrated names come to light.

MAX. And many things will be made plain to us which we have not, heretofore, fully known.

MARIA. Well, my spinning-wheel is at a stand. It would give you fine yarn. But might I not properly advise both you young sirs, you had better look around you betimes for some work to do?

MAX. Do not be troubled; I shall gather and bind books.

GUSTAVUS. And I will trim them. My case of instruments has everything necessary.

JULIA. If I cannot go on with my spinning, I will pick over the peas and beans.

MARIA. That is well, dear Julia. You know that father is never more cheerful than when all with him are busy.

At this moment a maid-servant entered to spread the table for supper. Soon came the father and mother; both of them looked cheerfully on their children, and they also looked up, full of expectation, to their father.—"Now, children, are you not troubled about the weather?" he asked.

MARIA. No! Winter must come, and the sooner it begins the sooner it will go out.

GUSTAVUS. Our winter quarters, too, are good; provisions and company not less so; and these make it very endurable. As for marching and encamping, indeed, it is not very convenient.

JULIA. And the weather keeps our company so friendly together.

MOTHER. The time will pass away the more agreeably when you know how to connect useful labors with pleasant conversation.

MARIA. That Julia and I have both of us taken care of, dear mother. Here stands my spinning-wheel, and there lies for each of us a set of knitting-needles.

FATHER. And I will relate to you some

story. Max has, perhaps, already told you about it. Will our winter evenings then be long?

ALL. No indeed! The watchman will warn us of the hour of the night sooner than we shall wish.

Contented and cheerful, the family ate their moderate supper. The children had never looked for its close with such a longing desire. They knew what they might expect, for they recollected the winter before, the long evenings of which, notwithstanding all the storms and unpleasant weather, had passed away so unnoticed and so gaily. Now the table was cleared away, and every child sought his place. All begun their work, and the greatest silence reigned throughout the room.

FATHER. Now, children, what had you rather hear?

MARIA. Ah, dear Father, you know best. You know how many beautiful voyages we have made round the world together.

JULIA. You mean in thought.

MOTHER. And you can learn more in this way than many who travel in a coach.

GUSTAVUS. That is very true, mother. I can draw out the plans of all the most remarkable battles and sieges.

MAX. And I can trace the route of the voyages and travels of Prince Maximilian and Kotzebue.

JULIA. "And I know Robinson Crusoe's island, and am well acquainted with his colony, as in our little city. I can find my way all about. I know where the hateful savages lived, and I know, too, about Robinson Crusoe's and Friday's hut as well as our own house.

FATHER. Then we shall begin a voyage, a long voyage to-day. Will you readily follow and not become tired?

GUSTAVUS. Lead us as far as you will, we will follow you.

FATHER. Very well—I shall hold you to your word; but we must agree on something. We can begin to-day one of two voyages, and you may take your choice.

MARIA. How so?

FATHER. I can lead you into the coldest regions of our earth, where eternal ice covers the sea, where are perpetual snow, frost, and cold, into regions in which, for months, you see the sun, and then you lose sight of it for as long a period.

Or, I will go with you around Africa to the East Indies, to the Island of Ceylon, but where we must meet with tigers, and have to fight with monstrous serpents. Now it is for you to choose where we shall go.

JULIA. Ah, dear mother, do you decide for us. Our opinions may be different, and that

will bring on a dispute which will waste the time.

MOTHER. Shall I do so, father?

FATHER. Yes.

MOTHER. Then take a voyage to the north. The story will be so much the more impressive when the snow beats against the windows, and the weathercock creaks in the storm. You can much the more vividly conceive of what is frightful in these countries, if you only step to the window.

JULIA. You are right, mother; and we have also this advantage—that we shall only freeze in imagination.

FATHER. Max, bring the maps. Spread them out here on the table. Gustavus, what map is that?

GUSTAVUS. Of Northern Russia. Here is Mojaisk, there Smolenzko, where the great battles were fought. Pultawa is not on it.

FATHER. Because this map only includes Northern Russia. Here we see, Max?—

MAX. Lapland, Nova Zembla, and between the two the government of Archangel.

FATHER. Right; and these countries lie?—

MAX. Between the sixtieth and seventieth degrees of north latitude.

JULIA. Oh, how cold it must be!

FATHER. Yes, indeed—the elevation of the

pole proves this; for, as you see, this whole region lies at the most northern point of the Baltic Sea,—or, Gustavus?—

GUSTAVUS. At the Gulf of Bothnia.

FATHER. In the same latitude. Add to this cold, too, the frozen sea and the vast marshy surface which forms the soil of these countries. There are few forests there, as the cold hinders the growth of trees; we find there no mountains, and the eye beholds nothing there but a dead, almost uncultivated extent of country.

JULIA. How glad I am that I do not live there!

MOTHER. You have good reason to be so; but had you been born and brought up in that region, you might, probably, have been as much contented there as you now are here.

FATHER. Here, on the map, you further see, Maria?—

MARIA. The White Sea.

FATHER. Very true. A gulf of the Frozen Ocean, which runs into the government of Archangel, and receives the Dwina, one of the chief rivers of Russia, on the bank of which—lies what city, Max?

MAX. Archangel; a city which is well known by its extended trade into the Northern Ocean.

FATHER. Very well. Here we will stop, and will now go on with our story.

JULIA. A good voyage!

GUSTAVUS. And a favorable wind, for I suppose we are to go by water.

FATHER. Not long since there lived in Archangel a merchant in very good circumstances, by the name of Osarow. He had only one son, Ivan, an excellent boy, who was distinguished by his desire for knowledge, and by his untiring diligence in learning all things that might be useful to him. To what profession or business he should devote himself, he had not yet decided; but he was satisfied to learn everything that appeared to him he might possibly have occasion to make use of hereafter. He knew that useful knowledge would never do any harm, but that it was always profitable. Osarow's brother, also a merchant, died, and Ivan's father took the son left by his deceased brother into his own family. The two brothers had been united and affectionate friends during their whole life; this love was now transferred from the father to the son, and Ivan's father regarded Gregory, for this was the fatherless and motherless orphan's name, as his own son; and both boys, who were of about an equal age, were almost inseparable from each other. Gregory had great good-humor; he was industrious, persevering, and decided,—in short, he was a boy deserving of love, and so was Ivan; but the latter too often allowed himself to be led

away by one fault. This consisted in a certain levity which frequently prevented him from acting rationally and decidedly. Though at this moment he was ever so firmly convinced of the importance of a thing, on the slightest occasion the whole became ridiculous to him. Though he might now promise something, with the most serious intention of fulfilling it, at the next instant all was forgotten. He regarded too little the consequences of his actions.

MOTHER. This is a great fault, and the source of various misfortunes. Shun this course, and be well convinced of its sad consequences. This I would say to you, particularly, Gustavus. You often act in your most impetuous violence, without thinking of the consequences.

GUSTAVUS. Do not be troubled, good mother. I have already become much changed, and shall always more and more lay aside this fault.

MOTHER. God grant that it may be so.

FATHER. Gregory had also the fault of undertaking many things, the consequences of which he had not always thought of, but often repented of having done them. Both of the young men had been obliged to devote themselves to trade, according to the wishes of the aged Osarow; but the sitting still behind account books, writing many letters, and especially the waiting for the customers in the shop, during their years of

learning,—all these things were particularly disagreeable to Gregory's taste. The old Osarow was a prudent man of good sense. He thought how different the views and inclinations are, which God has implanted in the hearts of men. He had often experienced how children thus became unhappy, while their parents forced them into a kind of life to which they felt the prompting of no inclination. As a prudent father, anxious for the true welfare of his child, he examined into their inclinations, and discovered in both of them an all-overpowering inclination to see the world, and make distant voyages. He represented to them the happiness of a quiet, peaceful domestic life, and he portrayed to them, in lively colors, the dangers and inconveniences they must meet with—but all in vain.

MARIA. That does not please me in Ivan and Gregory.

GUSTAVUS. Now I do not know whether they exactly deserve blame. What do you think, father?

FATHER. That you are not wholly wrong, Gustavus. Both were quick, energetic, and resolute youths; they deserved to be praised for following out this preference of theirs, if they felt that, in this way, they could be more useful to the world than in any other.

MOTHER. Therefore God has wisely ordained that the inclinations of men should be as various as the features of their countenances. One chooses this condition, and another that; only a man should select a business adapted to his situation and powers, otherwise he occupies a false position, and will be unhappy.

FATHER. Very true. A man is never more unhappy than when he is not in his proper place. You will often see that in the world. God grant that you may not have to experience it.—But to return to Ivan and Gregory. With the greatest respect and confidence, Ivan disclosed to his father his predominant inclination, and begged of him his consent, and promised to do all honor to him. Osarow saw how much his heart was in it, and yielded to his wishes.

MARIA. What profession did they choose?

FATHER. Both of them felt the strongest inclination in general for voyaging; both of them wished to be useful to their country as seamen, and to acquire for themselves a celebrated name in the history of voyages. With this in view, they had already—especially Ivan had done so—learned much which would be indispensable to them in such a profession.

JULIA. Would so very much knowledge be necessary?

MAX. Certainly; they must be at home in

mathematics, astronomy; in natural history and geography; and that they should be also acquainted with foreign languages, is self-evident.

GUSTAVUS. Not to mention that they must understand swimming, fencing, shooting, and all kinds of bodily exercise, by all means,—if they do not wish to be borne down by the first dangers.

FATHER. The aged Osarow had many friends, and so it was easy for him to get his two beloved children admitted at St. Petersburg, the capital of the Russian Empire, as naval cadets into the Imperial Academy of Cadets.

JULIA. Cadets? naval cadets?

FATHER. This is the name given to those young persons who are educated particularly for future officers in a public institution. The institution itself is called an Academy for Cadets, and it is a very excellent institution, especially for those who are in want of means to learn what their future destination requires of them. They are here taught everything at the expense of the government; they are clothed, fed, and like children are obliged to perform all the services of a soldier in miniature. The naval cadet is very naturally educated only for the naval service, and for this object he is taught everything which he ought to know as an officer of a ship.

Ivan and Gregory were both admitted into this academy; they distinguished themselves by their order and industry; and even many of the little light-minded tricks which Gregory, and, led on by him, Ivan too, were guilty of, were overlooked, in consideration of their greater excellencies of character.

The three years of learning whatever was necessary, had passed away, and both of the youths returned back to their native place. Every one received them with joy, and more especially so did Osarow. Both of the young men were now waiting for their appointment in the navy.

JULIA. Navy?

FATHER. By this expression is understood whatever belongs to the management of the ships, and the sea-service of a country or kingdom, such as the number, manning, arming, and the whole appointment of the ships. Therefore, they have also regulations or laws for the navy.

Most commonly this expression is used respecting those ships which particularly belong to the warlike service. To receive an appointment in the navy, is the same as to be placed in the actual service on board of a ship of war.

Such a post were our young men expecting, in order to practise whatever they had learned in their profession.

Archangel, as is well known, is a city of considerable trade, and is the only harbor in the Northern Sea. Here are to be found ships and seamen of all the commercial nations, but especially there are many English vessels, who, as you know from other accounts of voyages, have the most extensive commerce. I need not, therefore, tell you that Ivan and Gregory sought the intercourse of experienced seamen, in order to enlarge their knowledge.

They became acquainted at a certain time with a captain of an English ship which lay in the harbor, and who was only waiting for a fair wind to go on his voyage. This man was very intelligent and agreeable in conversation. Besides, he manifested a social and affable conduct, by which he attached everybody to him who became acquainted with him; and in short, he won upon the two young men in such a degree, that they expressed the wish to undertake a distant voyage in his company, and on an English ship.

"This wish you can easily accomplish," replied the Englishman. "You need only determine upon it, and I will warrant you that a voyage in my ship will be of the greatest advantage to you. Probably I may make a voyage of discovery to the North Pole. Our Parliament have offered a large reward to him who dis-

covers a north-west passage around Asia or America to the East Indies. Very likely I shall venture on such an experiment." These words excited to the utmost the desire of voyaging in the young men. They saw before them a fine field to satisfy their long-restrained wishes, and doubtless the idea that they might make a voyage in an English ship, added new strength to their inclination.

MARIA. How so?

FATHER. The English marine service has attained to a very high degree of perfection, and hardly any other seafaring nation has accomplished so much as the British. The English ships are beautiful, their arrangement and armament well chosen, and their seamen capable. Whoever, therefore, wished to learn correctly as to service at sea, might do so on an English ship.

The Englishman observed the disquietude of the two young men; he spoke continually of the voyage, and every word increased Ivan and Gregory's inclination to share in the same.

GUSTAVUS. But ought they to do so without permission of the government?

MARIA. Or if their father was not willing?

FATHER. I will tell you about that. They thought of both of these things. But as they were not in actual service, so the permission of

government might be obtained without difficulty. The Admiralty, that is, the branch of the government which decides about naval affairs, and which for the most part consists of admirals, could have no objection, but, on the contrary, would very gladly see two such promising young men desirous of being further trained in so excellent a school for the benefit of their country. They therefore consented to their going. The old Osarow made far more objections. He was a strong adherent to his country—more so than was consistent with a friendly feeling towards foreign nations. He desired that the youths should serve in no other navy than the Russian, and decidedly forbade them to go forward another step.

MARIA. Now both will remain at home. I am sure I should not like Ivan and Gregory, if they should go a-voyaging with the Englishman, against their father's wishes.

FATHER. Alas! here Gregory's levity rendered useless every good influence, and, by all sorts of exaggerations, conquered Ivan's feelings. Sad at the serious refusal of their father, in the evening they came into the company of the captain; he naturally began to talk again of his voyage, and as naturally learned from Ivan and Gregory that their father would not allow them to go.

The Englishman—and it is disagreeable to find such impropriety in a man whom we must otherwise esteem—the Englishman advised them to undertake the voyage without their father's knowledge. "At the utmost, you can see yourselves back here again in three months," said he; "and I am convinced that your father will feel indebted to me for having set you upon so useful a voyage. How often it is the case in my country, that the sons of the richest fathers secretly undertake such a voyage, and are again received by their parents with open arms. I have no bad purposes in the voyage. We shall not fall in with pirates and corsairs. Our object is a fine and noble one. It is authorized, and the means to attain it are corresponding to it."

Ivan wavered, and shrunk back; but then Gregory interposed, with his usual fickleness, and urged his friend. Ivan was weak enough to yield. Both of them pledged themselves to the Englishman to make arrangements in the night, and at break of day to be on board of his ship. "We are only waiting for a fair wind," said the Englishman; "it may, and must soon happen. I must avail myself of it, and you must so arrange your matters, that I can at any moment weigh anchor, and get under sail."

JULIA. What is the meaning of that?

MAX. To wind up the anchor, fixed in the bottom of the sea, and holding the ship, because otherwise the ship could not stir from its place. They use the expression, "to weigh anchor," as well as "to get under sail," when they wish to mark the beginning of a voyage.

FATHER. Some days passed in the constant waiting for a favorable wind. Probably Ivan would have acquainted his father with the whole matter, and the voyage would then have been properly relinquished; but Gregory knew how to arouse Ivan's pride and feeling of honor, and this, joined to his own fickleness, were the reasons that Ivan actually found himself under sail at the break of the appointed day. He sent back a letter to his father, in which he expressed his whole heart. He excused the step he had taken, from his overwhelming inclination, begged forgiveness for his disobedience, and besought his father's prayers and blessing. And so we must pardon him, and accompany him on his voyage.

MOTHER. But, father, it is already late; how if we shall here make a pause?

FATHER. And enter on the voyage to-morrow evening, do you mean? What do you think of it?

GUSTAVUS. Because, father, before a long

travel we must be refreshed by some hours' rest.

FATHER. Very well. Then to-morrow, about this time—

MAX. We shall be very considerably nearer to the North Pole.

Second Evening.

The children had sat for a long time at their work; the daughters spun, while Max and Gustavus looked over the map, in order to make themselves well acquainted with the region into which their father was going to conduct them. While thus engaged, they disputed (of course it was like well-educated children, with whom a little dispute does not degenerate into a quarrel), whether Ivan and Gregory deserved to be blamed because they had secretly left their father and benefactor. Maria and Julia were decided in condemning them. Max was somewhat doubtful; the desire of learning something new and being useful to the world, he thought, might excuse such a transgression. Gustavus proceeded on the supposition, that Ivan and Gregory, in so great an object, must indeed have ventured on it —a view which brought on him many censures from his sisters. Gustavus himself felt that he had gone too far, but, as is often the case, he was

not willing to take back his opinion. He belonged to those who would not willingly do wrong, and so defend their opinion as long as they can find any ground on which they can sustain themselves.

The arrival of their parents interrupted them, and finished this little dispute, and they heartily desired that none of their children might ever be tempted to do anything against their parents' will.

FATHER. Now, are you agreed? We have a distant voyage before us. Union is the first thing.

GUSTAVUS. We are all ready, and can enter on the voyage whenever you like.

FATHER. Where did we leave off last evening, Maria?

MARIA. In Archangel.

FATHER. At least in the harbor of Archangel, on the ship Juno. At that time there were many voyages undertaken to the North Pole, in order to find a passage to the East Indies across Asia or America. In such a discovery no one had more to gain than the merchant ships of Archangel, because they then would have the shortest course to China and the East Indies. Which of you, without looking on the map, can describe to me the course which they have to take from Archangel to the East Indies?

MAX. I can. We must sail around Norway, Denmark, Holland, between France and England, then around a part of Spain, along Portugal and the whole western coast of Africa.

FATHER. Very well. Gustavus, how then?

GUSTAVUS. Around Africa to the Cape of Good Hope, then they take the direction on the right, pass through the Indian Ocean to Ceylon, or still farther to the right to Sumatra and almost to China.

FATHER. Right. Which of you knows of any other way?

MARIA. Another?

JULIA. I do not think there can be any other!

FATHER. No? What way, then, did your friend Kotzebue take some years since?

MAX. Ah, now I know it! Take the same route as before till you reach Spain, and then go straight to South America, along down the east coast of this country, through the Straits of Magellan, leaving Chili and Peru on the right, and so directly through the Great Ocean to the East Indies.

FATHER. But both of these routes make a wide circuit; for each of them is about four thousand German miles. If any one could discover a way across Asia or America, this would not be more than half the distance. Therefore, for many years the English government have

proposed a large reward for any one who shall find this nearer passage, and it was natural for many to seek to obtain the premium. You can, therefore, easily imagine with what eagerness Ivan and Gregory must have determined on such a voyage, so that they should secretly leave their father and benefactor.

Now, then, behold our two friends on the ship, the anchor of which was already weighed. A fresh south-east wind swelled the sail, the ship flew on more and more rapidly over the White Sea, and now they are in the open Northern Ocean. It was the first sea voyage which they two had made, and the whole mode of life in the ship was new and unusual to them. They were indeed already well taught as to all that they saw here, for they had been educated in the Academy for Cadets; but many things, and indeed almost all appeared to them larger and new as they here saw them in reality. The arrangements on board of the English ships, are distinguished by the greatest order, and the crew by the most minute performance of every duty. This must have very greatly pleased them. The ship itself was a beautiful, new, and firmly built one, in which reigned the most exemplary order and cleanliness. Every day it was washed and scoured; not the least dust was allowed, and even the most insignificant portion was carefully at-

tended to. To all this was added the kind conduct of the excellent captain, and the constant respect of the whole crew. The captain knew how to unite friendliness with seriousness, and kindness with severity; he possessed that greatest of all arts, to employ his crew—of which there were forty—continually in the most useful manner. He had already made several voyages to America and the East Indies, and this furnished him with matter for much interesting and instructive conversation. So the two friends sat and listened with increasing curiosity and the most earnest wishes that they could themselves have experienced all that the captain related. They accompanied him in their thoughts on his voyages, shared his perils, and were at his side in many an adventure; with him they passed through unknown seas, landed on desolate islands, saw many remarkable countries, and cities of foreign portions of the globe. Both of the young men were commissioned as volunteers to lend a helping hand to two other officers of the ship. These also, after the example of the captain, were excellent men, scientifically educated, who soon became friends of the two young men.

GUSTAVUS. I can imagine how happily they both must have felt in their intercourse with such men. I should like much to have been in their place.

MOTHER. You can do as well here on the firm land. If you conduct yourself properly, you may find everywhere good men who will be to you what the captain and the two officers were for the young men.

FATHER. I hope and expect this from Gustavus. But to go on. Every hour at which they were at leisure from the service of the ship, Ivan and Gregory were in the cabin, listened to the descriptions by the captain, and read with him the history of voyages, examined the maps, practised drawing, and the higher mathematics, and in this way such scholars in such a school soon became able seamen.

The captain took his course with the most favorable weather, first northerly, so as to sail around the great barren island of Nova Zembla. He would not have been obliged, usually, to do this, as he was only accustomed to pass through the straits which separate Nova Zembla from Siberia. But the passage through these straits is dangerous, for we find there many shoals, sand-banks, rocks, and reefs.

JULIA. Reefs?

FATHER. They are a succession or chains of rocks, which extend along under the water, and are very dangerous to vessels in sailing. Usually we find them near to land, where they stretch

out far into the sea. But often, too, they are to be met with in the midst of the ocean.

MARIA. Can the sailors know and see where these reefs are?

FATHER. If the sea is stormy they cannot. It is only when the sea is calm that they are able to do it. The waves indeed dash over such a reef, and form a species of breakers, just as they do on a coast. But seamen avoid, as much as possible, such places. They choose to make a considerable circuit rather than expose themselves to such dangers, especially in unknown regions.

Our voyagers were on the north of Nova Zembla, and now they turned to the east. Here two capes run out, not far distant from each other, Cape North-west and Cape North-east, or Taimura, the most northern points of Asia, which belong to the most northern portion of the earth. Against all expectation their voyage had hitherto been perfectly favorable, the sun appeared warmer than they could have anticipated in this latitude; they nowhere met with ice, and the day which lasted above two months.—

JULIA. What did you say, father? the day two months long?

FATHER. Yes; the day at midsummer here lasts about two months; but for this reason, about Christmas, the night is as long. Then, for

two months, the sun does not make its appearance.

JULIA. That would be a nice thing for many people for whom the sun always rises too early.

GUSTAVUS. Look in the glass yourself, Julia; you are not used to be the first up.

JULIA. We will not dispute about that. Sleep is something very sweet; but you, Max and Gustavus, can oblige us two, Maria and myself, very much. See here; I know well that the length of the days and nights is different, according to situation of countries—

MAX. That, for example, under the line, or the equator, the day, year in and out, is twelve hours, and the night twelve hours; while under the two poles the longest day lasts half a year.

JULIA. True; but why is it so? and in what degrees does it happen?

FATHER. Of this you have no really correct idea,—that I can well believe. Max and Gustavus, what if you should make this clear to your sisters?

MAX. Very willingly, sir; but I must first think over in what way to make it plain.

FATHER. That must depend wholly on you two, and it will give me pleasure if you find out a new way. But let us now return to our account of the voyage. Here in the highest northern point of Asia, the English captain had two

courses before him, of which he might take his choice. One way was to proceed further on his voyage eastward, and sail through between Asia and America. Gustavus, what countries would he pass to reach the East Indies?

GUSTAVUS. Along the northern coast of Asia, to Cape Satatskoy, from thence to the North Cape.

MARIA. Ha! ha! That was the way years before, with our friends Cook and Kotzebue.

GUSTAVUS. So it was. On the way the captain could make a visit to the Jakuts and Tschutsches. From thence they might go through Behring's Straits, between Asia and America.

JULIA. Now I know the rest of the way. Kamschatzka, the Aleutian Isles, Japan, China, all these countries come one after another.

FATHER. Right. The captain thought with himself whether he should choose this course. The summer would soon be over, and the winter drew on at every hour. The whole of the northern coast of Asia was little known, and therefore threatened many dangers. Possibly the captain had no particular desire to pass the winter at Kamschatzka. The course to the East Indies removed him too far from his country—from old England. He concluded, therefore, to turn about again, and to spend the winter in Archangel, and in the beginning of the following summer to

try whether it might not be possible to discover a new way through Baffin's Bay.

MARIA. Is not that the great bay between Greenland and the yet wholly unknown parts of North America?

FATHER. Yes. More than two hundred years ago was this bay discovered, and many attempts have since been made to find a passage through it into the Pacific Ocean.

In this region the captain turned his ship towards the North-west Cape, and for a second time doubled the cape. The cold had already set in, and the ice formed on the coasts, mist and snow darkened the air, and the captain had need of all his care if he wished to reach Archangel with his ship uninjured. But often a single circumstance is a means of frustrating the best and wisest plan; a fact which the captain and his friends proved by experience, and which every man often has occasion to learn.

GUSTAVUS. Did it happen to them as it did to Robinson Crusoe? Did they suffer shipwreck?

MARIA. I should doubly pity the unfortunate men if such a fate had befallen them in that region.

FATHER. I forgot to tell you that the captain had taken with him from Archangel a Russian as a pilot, a man who was perfectly trained for his post. He soon became Ivan's and Gregory's

friend. He was of much value to the captain and the whole crew on account of his knowledge. Now the officers were sitting in the cabin, talking of many things, when they perceived an unusual noise and roaring; and plainly heard the under pilot give orders to take in the sail, and keep a redoubled lookout on every side. All sprang up, and hastened to their posts.

"What's the matter?" asked the captain. "A fearful storm is brewing at the south-east," was the answer. "If we were only in the open sea!"

The ship received the motion given it by the waves; mounting higher and higher continually at every moment, the storm became more violent, the roaring more frightful, and the billows rose to an incredible height. Sometimes the ship hung suspended on the top of the waves, and sometimes she sunk down to the very depths. The day had wholly disappeared. No one could steer the ship with certainty, as the violent storm broke upon the near land, took another direction, and drove forward the ship as if it were a light feather. The captain, otherwise so adventurous a seaman, was here more distressed than he would have been in any other place.

MARIA. Why so, dear father?

FATHER. Because he was not acquainted with this sea and the land adjoining. Had such a storm taken him on a wide open sea, well known

to the sailor, then he would have been less affected by it, because he would have felt certain as to the rocks, shoals, and sand-banks: but where he now found himself, all these were to be dreaded. All suitable precautions were taken, but it was now impossible to steer the ship; they were obliged to leave it to the violent assaults of the sea and the tempest. The darkness naturally increased their terror, the glimmer of the day hardly lasting for an hour, could not be perceived on account of the thick clouds deeply overhanging them even down to the water; and the waves caught away with them the ship, dashed about in a wholly unknown region. No one could understand the others, so loud was the roar of the wind and noise of the billows striking against the sides of the ship. Two days had the poor men done all in their power, when the mainmast, broken by the storm, came down with a thundering crash across the ship, by which its rapid course became very greatly impeded. "Now we can do nothing more," said the captain, with a stern submission to his fate. "Now no steering, no direction, can help us. If God does not aid us, we must find our grave in the billows here.

How Ivan and Gregory must have felt at these words you can readily imagine. Never had they before made a voyage to any distance; never had

they experienced a storm. Whatever they had learned of it, they had gathered from descriptions and narratives, and I need not assure you how far the best description falls short of the impression which the reality produces.

Shut up in the ship, pale and exhausted, without being able to sleep, for a moment the unfortunates sat in the cabin despairing of their safety. They saw nothing but approaching, certain death before their eyes. Every howling, roaring billow spoke to them this fearful doom, so that they even finally wished that all might be soon over, for the anguish of expecting death is more torturing than death itself. No one spoke, no one comforted and tranquillized the others. Like an arrow shot forth, the ship flew on through the waves, and the tempest grew continually stronger, the billows roared more dreadfully, and the ship was dashed onward at a more fearful rate.

All at once she struck with so hard and shattering a blow that all were thrown confusedly together. Again once more the ship raised on the top of the wave, then dashed down, and, on sudden, stood as if it was fast walled in.

JULIA. Now I can imagine how it was, just as in the case of Robinson Crusoe's ship; to split in pieces and go asunder must be the fate of the poor Juno.

MARIA. And all be drowned.

GUSTAVUS. That could not have been the case; for who, then, would have told this story?

FATHER. It is now too late; I will go on with the story some other time. To-morrow evening you may then expect the continuation.

Third Evening.

I NEED not assure you that all the four children, Max, Gustavus, Maria, and Julia, awaited the progress of the story with the most anxious curiosity. They talked the whole morning about it, and inquired among themselves how it would go with poor Ivan and his friends, when Max recollected what an obligation he had taken on himself to try and explain to his sisters what causes the difference in the length of the days and nights. He and Gustavus had promised this. The confidence of their father, as well as the expectation of their sisters, were important to both of them; they felt themselves dignified by so honorable a commission.

Max was of a penetrating mind; what he knew he knew thoroughly; for it was a principle with him to learn everything accurately, and never to stop in his views half-way. With Gustavus this was not the case; he could indeed comprehend anything much easier than the more

tardy Max, but also on this account he forgot again much sooner what remained firmer in his brother's memory. Both had made more than common advances in geography; to examine maps and study them, was for them no labor, but a pleasure. They sat down to them with full as much delight as other children have in sitting down to enjoy pictures. But they knew not only countries and seas, rivers and mountains, but also the relation of the earth to the other heavenly bodies and planets; they knew the circumference of the earth, and its place in respect to the sun. Their father, to whom this kind of knowledge was most agreeable, had brought forward his sons very far in this branch of human science. He did not, therefore, ask too much when he requested of both of them that they would explain this subject to their sisters. He could, in this way, best learn whether his two sons themselves thoroughly understood what they were to make plain to others.

However great was the expectation of the boys to know the fate of the unhappy voyagers, yet they felt still greater desire to fulfil their promise. Max, especially, thought about it the whole morning, how he should perform his commission, and Gustavus went cordially hand in hand with him. Both of them thought only of this one thing. The sisters, indeed, often

laughed when they noticed their brothers' unusual soberness. Julia made many a sportive attack on them, and probably Max and Gustavus would have erred in their purpose, if they had not felt themselves too greatly flattered by their father's confidence in them.

Finally, after a long examination and consultation—for their father left them alone purposely, without giving them the slightest aid—their plans were ready for communicating the information. Maria and Julia were called, and their father himself came in to correct many things, or to make them still clearer, which were probably not wholly clear to his sons.

Max and Gustavus had inclined the large table on one side by means of a support under it, so that the flat surface had the same direction with the actual course of the earth, or, as Max expressed himself in scientific language, parallel with it.

In the middle on this table level, was fastened a large gilt ball by a peg, on the projecting point of which hung down a yard and a half of thread. On the end of the thread, a parti-colored ball was fastened, and a circle drawn on the table with chalk, so large that it marked out the course of the ball which hung on the thread.

Both of the girls, their pupils, looked at this apparatus; it was probable, in their view, that

the gilded ball might represent the sun, and the parti-colored one the earth. It proved to them that Max and Gustavus had thought it all over, and drawn it out correctly.

With a somewhat important mien, Max came forward to the table. "You know, Maria and Julia," he began, "that the sun is fixed—that the earth revolves around it, and completes its course in a year. The direction in which it goes round the sun, I will now show you, and you will yourselves wonder how clear and evident will be made to you the difference of the length of the days and nights. Look at this ball; it represents the sun, which is fixed in the central point of this circle. This other ball denotes the earth, and you observe on it in the middle a line.

MARIA. Which no doubt represents the Equator on the line?

GUSTAVUS. Yes. Here you see two letters, N and S, by which are designated the North and South Poles. On the ball are, besides, some parti-colored lines which I have drawn, and which may represent the portions of the globe.

MAX. Now look sharp. The earth stands now as you see here, unequally lower than the sun, which naturally stands as much above.

MARIA. So it does!

MAX. The North half of the earth is turned to the sun. It is therefore longer shone on by

the sun in this direction than the South half, and the region about the North Pole has the sun hardly out of sight, while the South Pole scarcely receives anything of it.

JULIA. Very correct and clear.

GUSTAVUS. Now, therefore, it is summer on the North half of the earth; the sun stands at its height, and the days are the longest. But now look close. Now the earth begins its course. It makes a circuit on this chalk line around the sun, and turns like a ball, that is, running on at the same time around itself once in twenty-four hours,—a motion from whence, as you see, day and night takes place. The whole northern half, especially the North Pole, is always yet longer shone on by the sun than the South Pole.

MAX. The earth continues to rise higher, until it has the same direction with the sun, that is, the same elevation or height. The northern half, in this way, every day will be somewhat less shone on by the sun. The days become shorter, the nights longer, until the earth, about the 22d of September, comes in the same direction with the sun, and the days and nights are of equal length.

GUSTAVUS. And then we have the beginning of autumn.

MAX. Now the earth goes farther, continually rising higher, and naturally it must appear

to us as though the sun came to stand constantly lower. The North Pole is hardly any longer shone on by the sun, and the nearer the regions of the northern half lie to the Pole, so much longer are the nights, and so much the shorter are the days, while, on the other half of the earth, exactly the opposite takes place. This portion now is longer shone on by the sun, and, as you see, the South Pole has the sun continually upon it. If the earth now, about the 22d of December, has reached the highest point, then we have the shortest day, or the beginning of the winter. From this time, the earth goes deeper again, the sun appears to rise higher, the days increase, and the earth, on the 21st or 22d of March, comes again into the same direction with the sun,—day and night are equal,—the earth sinks deeper,—the sun comes up higher, until we again reach the end of June, and, with the longest day, we once more have the beginning of summer.

FATHER. You have performed your commission very well. I hope your sisters have understood you. As soon as I have time, I will draw a table on the globe there, by which you will know accurately how long, in any region of the earth, is the longest day and the longest night.

JULIA. It is very clear to me. I should hardly have trusted the commission to my brothers.

MAX. Hem! it is not so very hard. One must only himself see rightly into the matter.

FATHER. Very true. But there is one thing more—how great the distance is at which the earth revolves around the sun. You can conclude from this that, at every beat of the pulse, we move nearly four miles.

JULIA. That is what I call going ahead!

FATHER. Certainly; for the distance which the earth passes around the sun, or its orbit, as it is called, amounts to more than a hundred and twenty millions of miles (or about two hundred and ninety millions of English miles.)

And now to go back to our unfortunates, whom we left yesterday in a situation of the greatest possible danger. The dread shock, and the violent leap, the sudden silence, and the then ever-increasing howling and roaring of the waves beating against the sides of the ship, threw all of them into despair. Even the captain, otherwise so courageous and composed as a seaman, in this horrible moment lost his presence of mind. "God have mercy on us!" cried he, full of despair; "we are cast on the rocks, and in a few moments, we shall be a wreck."

JULIA. A wreck?

FATHER. This is what it is called in seamen's language, when a ship is either wholly swallowed up, and driven about on the billows—or at least

so affected by the tempest, that it cannot proceed on its voyage,—when, for example, it has lost its masts or rudder, as was the case with our ship.

"The wreck is about sinking!" With horror they all heard this doom of death—in the greatest distress every one was looking for the moment when the wreck should go asunder, the sides be parted, the water press in, and all be swallowed up by the raging billows.

MARIA. Poor men! I tremble at the thought of their being so abandoned.

JULIA. Who could not here save themselves as Robinson Crusoe did himself, by swimming.

GUSTAVUS. And if they did fortunately swim through, where would they land? What means of living would they have found, where there was a desolate island? Robinson Crusoe was far better off; he found fruits, and a warm climate, where he could dry and warm himself. These poor people had nothing but snow and ice to look on. But, father—

FATHER. Some anxious, dreadful moments passed before the unfortunate men could again recover their senses. The captain was the first to whose heart courage and composure returned. At the side of the calm pilot or steersman he left the cabin and went with him into the hold, that is, the lowest part of the ship, where they both

saw, to their great joy, that the ship was entirely dry inside.

MARIA. How so? What good could this do?

FATHER. It proved thus much, that the body or hull of the ship had not suffered. The sea water, if it had been otherwise, would have come through, and the whole space or hold would have been filled with water. At the same time they noticed that the waves no longer beat so violently, and from this circumstance very justly concluded that the storm, if it had not yet perfectly calmed, must have very considerably spent its rage. Inspired by new hope, they both of them hastened to their trembling associates, to carry to them a piece of news which, for the moment, must have been the most joyful. Now the calm pilot proposed to open one of the port-holes, which had been kept closed.

MARIA. Port-holes?

FATHER. Gustavus, that belongs to your department.

GUSTAVUS. Port-holes are, in a ship, what loop-holes are in a wall or entrenchment, openings through which the muzzles of the cannon are run out. They are provided with doors that they may be shut in a storm, so that the swelling waves may not come into the ship.

FATHER. Now, the pilot opened such a port-hole, and looked up to the starry heaven above

him. The feeble light which the stars gave was sufficient to distinguish, around the ship, an indistinct calm surface, which was lost afar off in the boundless distance. The pilot wondered at the silence of the waters, which still roared and raged continually and awfully on the other side of the ship. He called out to his companions. They all came together; then some one mounted on the quarter-deck.

JULIA. Is not that the highest part of the ship?

FATHER. Yes. We might compare it to the roof of a house, only that it is flat. The seamen often call it the upper promenade of the ship. Large ships have many decks, which, as in a building, separate the different stories. You may thus often read the expression "three-decker," which commonly means a large ship of war.

They now mounted on the quarter-deck. The cold fresh air was the more beneficial to all as the unfortunate men had spent many days in the confined space of the cabin. But how great was their terror when they saw that the wide extent which the pilot took for a calm and quiet sea was a monstrous field of ice.

JULIA. Was this so very frightful? I should have thought it would be better than if the ship had been on a rock.

GUSTAVUS. One would be as dangerous as the other. Would it not, father?

FATHER. And probably the dashing on the ice would be more dangerous than on a rock. A cliff can easier be climbed; there is in it some cleft, or gulley, or cavern, which might afford protection or warmth; or perhaps a spring, a beast, or some plant which might serve as food for them when enfeebled. But of all this nothing is found on an empty field of ice. At the moment when the unfortunates mounted the upper deck it was clearer than in mid-day; the sun of the short day had risen, a small portion of the disk moved above the horizon, and diffused so much light that the poor men could perceive the horrors of their situation. The wreck lay in an iceberg bay, which was protected on three sides against the pressure of the waves. On the fourth, the sea was indeed open, but the current drove in monstrous heaps of ice, which shut fast the bay, so that it might be clearly seen how the return was more and more destroyed by every new mass of ice. Destruction seemed unavoidable, for only one great ice cake was necessary to be driven against the wreck to crush and shatter it to pieces.

MARIA. If the passage now, at least, had remained open!

FATHER. This would have been of little use.

The ship was a wreck, without sail; they could no longer steer and guide it; to undertake a long voyage with it would be impossible, as the unfortunates knew not in what region they were. If the storm was indeed really over, yet, suppose they could reach navigable water, it would be so high up, and in so open a sea, that the wreck could not long bear their shattering motion. In a word, dear children, destruction seemed only too certain.

JULIA. What, then, did the poor people do?

FATHER. You can easily imagine their situation. In the first moment, when they gained the fearful conviction of the horrible certainty they were driven almost to desperation. On all sides they saw danger and death; nowhere did the slightest ray of hope appear of their being able to save themselves. In such a condition man sees only misfortune; fear blinds him against every possible means of deliverance. When the unfortunate man in some degree composes himself will he first be more regardful of every thing; he thinks of them more accurately, and oftentimes it happens to him to discover a new and hitherto unknown mode of relief—he begins to hope, the new hope teaches him to know his new powers, increases his activity to use them, despair vanishes, and the unfortunate man is no longer wholly miserable.

GUSTAVUS. And it was so, was it not, with our unfortunates?

FATHER. As you might expect from brave persons, whom not their conduct but their profession had brought into misfortune.

After some hours the little glimmer of light which in this zone at this time of the year they call day, disappeared; the captain took an observation, and then found that they were in the seventy-first degree of north latitude. Do you understand this expression? I have heretofore explained it to you. Do you recollect on what occasion?

MAX. O yes, sir. When we were taking our voyage round the world with Cook and Kotzebue.

FATHER. It was now September. Only a few weeks remained and entire night would set in, a circumstance which much increased the anxiety of our unfortunates. They heard this news with horror. The captain, a firm, composed man, who had in numerous voyages contended with many dangers, and had conquered, first recovered his presence of mind and courage. He caused the whole ship's company to gather around him. "Friends," he began, "that I would gladly help you all, even at the sacrifice of mine own life, you may well believe; but you see that in this case I can do nothing. We are in the hands of Almighty God, and must give up ourselves to

his will. Without his aid nothing will help us; if he wills to save us he can do it, though this iceberg may tower around us yet higher, and the sea become more impetuous. He can save us when and how he will. Only we must do our duty. Faint heartedness and mute despair will do us no good; they only injure us. We have been almost three days without an ordinary meal, and without a moment of sleep. We ought not to neglect our bodies; we know not yet how greatly we may need our powers to contend with dangers of which we are not aware. If we keep our bodies sound and powerful, our minds and spirits too will be the more active and lively." He commanded them, therefore, to light up the ship's lanterns; the cook must prepare a good nourishing meal; all must eat and drink heartily, and then they must lie down in their hammocks to sleep. The captain did so, but it was in vain for him to close his eyes; he could not get the desired repose. He thought of his unfortunate companions, who were under his command, and whose fate was placed in his hands; he felt that he must care for them, and a care of this sort, joined to the most torturing anxiety for his own life, would allow no one to obtain slumber.

MARIA. The captain must certainly have been a good man. Many others in his place would

have been occupied with himself only, without caring for others.

FATHER. Certainly; he was a brave man, who indeed had deserved a better lot. But especially the fate of Ivan and Gregory lay near his heart. He recollected that he had advised them to the voyage, and had induced them also to undertake it contrary to their father's will. He read in their countenances the bitterest repentance for their conduct towards their father; and now reproached himself most severely for it.

GUSTAVUS. But Ivan and Gregory had written to their father?

MOTHER. You think, then, that this was enough? How now if their poor father had not consented when he sorrowfully and in vain stretched forth his hands to his dear Ivan? How, if the pain of seeing himself forsaken by his son, and having lost all the hopes founded on him, had brought the old man upon a sick-bed and to the grave? Would all this be repaired by a letter?

FATHER. Surely not! I hope Gustavus will feel this, and not do so that he will be obliged to reproach himself. Especially the captain pitied the good Ivan. It did not escape him how cast down and sorrowful the young man was. He knew, too, that want of courage was not the cause of his being so downcast, for Ivan was a

young man of very resolute feelings; but he felt firmly convinced that it was Ivan's grief of having made his father drink so deeply of sorrow which lay heavy on his heart.

GUSTAVUS. But, dear father, Ivan's object was, however, praiseworthy. He had undertaken the voyage for his own improvement.

FATHER. This was indeed far better than if a blameworthy levity had determined him to do so, but it does not excuse him. Ivan deeply felt this. With the thought of his poor father, his conscience was aroused, which is never the case with any one except when he does wrong; and so Ivan was obliged to suffer the reproaches of his own heart without, alas, the consolation which others had—that they had brought themselves into this misfortune in the pursuit of their calling, and attending to their duty.

MARIA. That reminds me of Robinson Crusoe.

JULIA. It is true; and it was just so, too, he thought of himself, when he was on the desolate island.

MOTHER. Ivan would have done better, if he had reflected on all this beforehand, as he might have done, and had conducted himself according to this conviction. His own heart would have been spared many sorrows, if he had thought deeply of the consequence of his conduct. Never act as he did, my dear children. Who of you

would wish yourself to be in Ivan's or Robinson Crusoe's place, and to feel the reproaches which they both made to themselves?

MARIA. Certainly no one of us, mother dear.

FATHER. Ivan lay on his bed continually awake, while others were sleeping. Finally, he ceased to be conscious of his thoughts,—but it was more the perfect exhaustion and wearisomeness, more a fainting away than slumber. How long he lay in this state of unconsciousness, he could not determine when the captain woke him. "Let the others sleep quietly," he said. "They are fortunate; we will not disturb them. It tranquillizes me to know that they are happier than I am." "What shall I then do?" asked Ivan, raising himself up. "You must accompany me." "And whither?" "I have not been able to shut my eyes from disquiet. I must have certainty." "As to what?" "As to our fate. I have observed that in a short time now it will be day. I saw it from the quarter-deck. At the same time, I noticed that the ice is piled up continually higher about the wreck. We must see whether there is no land to be discovered."

Still half-buried in his swooning slumber, Ivan took his gun. With difficulty, they both climbed up a high cake of ice frozen close to the wreck. On their left hand the sun, although it

was mid-day, appearing deep and bloody red through the mist, stood at the horizon. The air blew piercingly. A vast boundless field of ice, scattered over with sparkling flakes of snow, lay like a mirror before the eyes of both of them. With the most anxious observation, the captain, by the help of a spy-glass which he carried along with him, looked over the dead level, and who can describe his joy, when he clearly saw land afar off on the western horizon, and at the same time could distinguish some rocks and mountains!

MAX. God be praised. It certainly was an island.

JULIA. I am right glad that the poor people could see the land!

MARIA. And with what joy could they carry to the others this news!

MOTHER. Well observed, Maria! The joy of others is pleasant to the good man, and it makes him happy when he can impart something comforting to others.

FATHER. Both of them now went down to the deeply lying wreck. Many of the crew were awake, and sat thinking over their fate in deep meditation. "In the north there is land!" cried the captain, joyfully. "We have seen it; we can distinguish the particular mountains." This information enlivened them all with new hope

Though the dangers were ever so great, the uncertainty of their fate ever so torturing, this one piece of tidings banished all their sorrows. The prospect of saving their lives filled them all with thankful joy, and confidence in the Divine aid again strongly entered into their soul.

MAX. But was the deliverance then already so sure, that they could rejoice in it with certainty?

FATHER. In the first moment of joy of the unfortunate man enlivened by hope, he does not think of this. It is enough for him for the first only to be able to hope, and a little ray of hope calms his heart in the greatest danger. Our unfortunates were already satisfied, when they heard the word land. Whether it was a waste uncultivated island, or a ridge of barren, bare rocks—whether they would find the means of living—whether they would have ever the opportunity to go back to their native country—or what sorrowful future might await them in the land discovered—of these things not one of them thought in the first moment of joy. Enough for them that they knew land to be near them.

MAX. Now, did they go on it?

FATHER. That was not at once possible. All must not together leave the wreck, in order not to give up the means of living, and other supplies which were there. Besides, they were not

yet acquainted with the country, and it was therefore concluded that first some of the ship's company should go there, and bring back tidings to those who were left behind of what they found there. The captain called for volunteers for this enterprise, and at once Ivan and Gregory offered themselves to undertake the commission. To them was joined the Russian pilot, or steersman; and so they three went forth with their fire-arms, and a sufficient store of means of food, and of the supply of other wants.

MAX. How far off was the land?

FATHER. This could not be accurately determined. Between the wreck and the land discovered, there was a field of ice smooth as glass, on which no distance can be measured, because no object could be distinguished, by means of its form and color, for a standard. The sky was somewhat clouded, and the air foggy; our three travellers were therefore obliged to direct themselves by the regions of the sky in which the mountains were observed. Among the packages which they had taken with them were also some torches of pitch, in order to be able to light up and explore caverns and chasms which they might at any time discover. Besides, it would soon be night; and then it was possible that they might meet with wild beasts, which, as is well known, mostly fly before fire. They had, too,

another object in view. Ivan and his companions, if they found any cavern that could be inhabited, or any dwelling, were to place a burning torch on the point of the rock, in order to give to those whom they had left behind on the wreck a signal.

GUSTAVUS. That was like a signal-fire in mountainous countries.

FATHER. Very true. This signal-fire would show that a dwelling or residence had been found, and likewise serve as a guide to those who were to come on after them.

MAX. You speak of a dwelling. Could they expect to find anything of that kind here?

FATHER. At least, this was not impossible. They knew not in what region they were, and could not determine whether the land discovered was a part of Greenland, or perhaps of Norway, where some dwellings are always found. But supposing also that the land was the island of Spitzbergen—as they afterwards found was really the case—this precaution was not without use.

MARIA. Are there any dwellings there?

FATHER. All seamen are familiar with the story, according to which several sailors had passed a whole year on this barren island. The poor men had left the ship, which was inclosed by the ice, gone on land, and, on their return to the coast, saw that the ice and ship had dis-

appeared. Previously some unfortunate persons had wintered there, who had built a hut in a valley.

MAX. Had this, then, really happened, or was it only a mere saying—a story?

FATHER. It was true, at least, as to the main thing. The history of the unfortunate sailors affords many particulars which confirm this story. You recollect, surely, of a Hollander, Heemsker, and of a Dane, Monke, who both of them had experienced the same fate. Yet supposing that this could not be reckoned on, the captain remembered to have heard, that the whale fishers, who venture into this region, had built huts in many places, in which the coopers made barrels for the preservation of their oil. It was, therefore, more than probable that three such well-prepared enterprising persons would find one of these huts, to which afterwards the shining torch might show the others the way.

From the wreck, they might easily take all necessary supplies to their new abode. Then could they brave the winter, and continually be in expectation that the future summer would discover to them a ship, and this would again carry them back to their own land.

MAX. O, this caution was rightly thought of!

JULIA. Thank Heaven, that the poor people are safe, and well preserved under a roof, and with the necessary supplies!

FATHER. But are they so?

JULIA. O, now I imagine they must have left the wreck, did they not?

FATHER. I would gladly sketch for you a picture of the happy union again of those who were so separated from each other, and their return to their native land, but—

MOTHER. Dear father, it is now late. You have related to us longer this evening than usual. To-morrow, my children, you may hear how it fared with the poor people.

JULIA. I wish, father, that you had not spoken that last sentence. Now I shall dream all night of these poor people.

GUSTAVUS. That would be better off than to freeze and starve with them in Spitzbergen.

Fourth Evening.

With a certain anxious doubt, the children looked forward the next day to the continuation of the history of the unfortunates. These poor people had become of importance to them, on account of the sorrowful lot that had befallen them. They had expected that their fate would be changed, that, united as true friends, they would brave all the inconveniences of the long winter in this rough country, and thus would overcome all the circumstances and dangers which were to befall them. They had hoped that a ship coming to their deliverance would carry back the forsaken ones to their native country, and that Ivan, especially, would be received by his father with joy.

And all these beautiful hopes, had that single word "*but*" of their father destroyed!

"How will it be with those unfortunate men?" asked Julia. "I have actually dreamed of them, how they died on the desolate island, were found, and—"

GUSTAVUS. Strange! I, too, dreamed something like it. They must have had to fight with bears and wolves.

MAX. It is no worse, however, than if they were under the torrid zone, and been killed by lions and tigers, or were swallowed up by gigantic serpents.

MARIA. Very true. But what fine fruits they would have found, too, under the torrid zone! They could have laid out gardens and fields, have built themselves houses, as the colonists did on Robinson Crusoe's island. And what did they find on Spitzbergen?—nothing but ice and snow.

GUSTAVUS. And they might also be poorly enough provided with the means of living.

MAX. We will not trouble ourselves on this account. I hope it will be better than we feared. One can endure much, and seamen especially can do so.

So the children talked it over among themselves, until, after supper, their father seated himself in his chair, collected around him the young listeners, and, in the midst of their most longing expectation, inquired, "How far had we gone yesterday evening?"

JULIA. Up to that horrible "but," by which you destroyed our rejoicing, dear father.

MOTHER. And such a "but" will you often

enough experience in your life. Hopes often deceive, and not all the good which is anticipated takes place.

FATHER. You are quite right, good mother. But to go on with our story. With the best wishes of those left behind, the pilot, Ivan, and Gregory quitted the wreck. The cold was severe, the air harsh and piercing. Only by quick walking, by means of warm clothing, and from the fact that they had much to bear, could they resist the penetrating and sensible chill.

GUSTAVUS. Why, then, did they burden themselves with a large pack?

FATHER. Because they needed many things, and knew not what they might find there. They had each a gun, a sword, a cartouch-box filled with powder and ball, a bag with provisions, bread, bacon, a bottle of brandy, tobacco, and besides an axe, and every one of them a blanket. It was still dark when they left the wreck. On their left hand, they saw on the horizon a faint glimmer, which announced the near approach of the short day, lasting scarcely a few hours. In the twilight of this glimmer, the friends went forth in the direction they had once taken, and at last, in four hours' travel, reached the island, so greatly had the mirror-like surface of the ice, and the single-colored snow, deceived them in respect to the distance.

JULIA. They must have felt thankful, when they felt the dry ground under their feet.

MAX. Just as did Robinson Crusoe, when he rose on land out of his sea bath.

FATHER. Whether they were as well satisfied as he was, is a question. Robinson Crusoe saw himself saved from certain death; he found, under a mild climate, an island, from the fruitfulness of which he might expect a sufficiency of articles of food. Our three friends saw before them a desolate land, a mass of rocks thrown together. There was no tree, no shrub was green, no bird sung in the tops of the trees. No brook murmured there, over fields and meadows; they saw nothing but those vast barren heaps of rocks, which lay before them like gray ruins, the natural color of which was yet more heightened by the snow. The whole creation appeared as if petrified. A stillness, as of the grave, reigned in the desolation, in which not even the dissonant cry and ill-omened screech of a single raven broke in on the horrible silence. There was no place for repose there; no cleft or cavern was to be found, not a splinter of wood, with which they could kindle a fire to warm themselves.

Cautious and timidly, our unfortunate wanderers trod over the rough icy ground, covered with rock. Caution was the more needful here,

as neither of them were ignorant that the high northern regions of the earth are inhabited by certain kinds of wild beasts, especially bears and wolves. Now the poor men went forward beneath a rocky ledge, in which some hollows were to be seen, which appeared to become lost in the clefts within. The first and nearest one was chosen for their path. The surface was slippery, and appeared to be ice; a fact which led the pilot to the conclusion that they were going on the top of a frozen brook. The short day, hardly lasting for an hour, had broken, but of the sun our travellers saw nothing in the valley; only the highest points of the rocks were brightened by it. In the valley itself, there lay a twilight that made them shudder. The travellers saw nothing but a barren, wild wall of rock, which took some other form at every step, according as the windings of the valley gave them different views.

Ivan and Gregory advised a return: they believed they would thus find a better path. The pilot thought differently. "Useless search aids us nothing," said he. "It robs us of our time and strength. According to my view, that hut must lie near a brook. If we do not find it, we shall probably discover some cavern, or a sheltering cleft, and, what is as needful, a way up on the rocky wall itself." This latter dis-

covery was necessary, in order to place upon it the pitch torch agreed on as a signal.

JULIA. And did they find what they sought?

FATHER. Not indeed the hut. After half an hour's walk, the rough points of the rocky wall no longer appeared; the cliffs were more compact, and formed on both sides a smooth wall, which gradually rose up from the valley, that continually became wider. Suddenly, Ivan espied above on the rock a cavern or opening in the cliff, similar to the entrance of a cellar. It was as if they had found a treasure, or the house of a hospitable friend, so welcome was this discovery.

MARIA. But what particular use would this discovery be to them?

FATHER. Do you imagine that it was a small one?

GUSTAVUS. No, Maria. It was already important that they had come to a shelter, so that they were not obliged to lie under the open sky.

FATHER. Very true, my son. In this region, encamping out on the bare ground, under the open sky, would not answer. Now they had found what they sought, a sheltering abode. The cavern lay at the height of a house above them. With some difficulty, they climbed up on the rock. One helped the other, and thus they reached the entrance of the cavern, which indeed

did not enter very deep into the rock, but was quite clean, and large and roomy enough for them to take up their quarters in. The floor consisted of whitish gray sand, and the walls were smooth and even. "Thank God," said the pilot, "who has thus far helped us, and He will yet help us more. We have, at least, a shelter from the wind and weather." "Now must our comrades come, and furnish up our quarters," added Ivan. "We will give them the signal," answered the pilot. It so happened, that the cavern discovered lay under an abrupt, but pretty high ledge of rocks. It was not yet quite dark, and dangerous as the climbing up was to them, yet they all three ventured on it. The ledge was surmounted while the setting sun yet shone a little. But what a prospect!

JULIA. A beautiful one?

FATHER. In a certain sense, yes. The friends stood on one of the highest points. Around them lay the rocks, strewed about like the ruins of a palace that had fallen, only slightly illuminated by the fast disappearing sun. Over these masses, they now saw the great field of ice through which they had wandered, and a fire, shining at a distance, showed them the region in which their companions still remained. By means of a spy-glass which they had taken with them, they clearly saw the pile of wood burning on the ice,

and also the wreck, projecting above the icy mirror, illuminated by the flame. Now they fastened the torch between some stones, and the next moment set it on fire. Moreover, Gregory sent up three fire-rockets, which mounted into the pure, thin air, higher than usual, and diffused a beautiful light.

MARIA. Fire-rockets?

FATHER. Yes, as they send them up in fireworks. They go quite high, move some minutes shining and bright in the air, and then burst. They can be seen in a dark night for many miles off, and they are used in war for signals, and to give notice of an attack, or any such thing.—But to proceed. "Well," said the pilot, "that idea was a good one. We have now nothing to do but to wait whether our brethren will observe the signal." And truly, there rose in a moment from that direction three rockets. "Grand!" said Ivan. "Our friends have understood the sign. Now let us go back to our quarters." Carefully they descended; the continually burning torch shone on their toilsome return, and they came back safely to their cavern.

As long as they were in the valley, they had experienced a piercing, moist, penetrating chill; on the cliff, they found the reverse. A remarkably milder air blew around them, like that

which is perceived in a thaw after cold weather. A distant muttering noise was heard, and the pilot concluded that there was going to be a change of the weather.

MAX. But the winter was near?

FATHER. Yes, indeed! In these northern regions, it is often the case that the summer ends partly with unusual storms, and partly these storms set in at the beginning of the winter, when the ice and snow have everywhere made their appearance. Then the sky is overcast with black clouds, and the rocks are upheaved by the violence of the tempest; but on the first clearing up of the air, suddenly comes in the most dreadful cold.

Sorrowfully sat the three friends there, eating their supper, in which they were obliged to go without a refreshing drink and a warming fire. A pile of wood now would have been comfortable to them. With it, they might have warmed the cave, as well as lighted it, and could also have secured themselves against the attack of wild beasts. Little was said. Every one in silence wished only that the morning would come; for they imagined that then their friends would leave the wreck, and bring with them everything that was now wanting for them.

But yet a glance into the future showed them nothing but what was frightful; and even the

conviction, that in a few hours they should be joined to their friends, did little in affording them composure.

Oh, the unfortunates! They could not know that on this last—this only hope—

JULIA. Now, father—it would not fail them?

FATHER. Alas! it did fail them—an experience which you will often enough undergo in your life. The only hope often deludes. Well is it for him who never, never counts on blind chance!

MARIA. But yet those on the wreck had seen and answered the signal!

FATHER. And still—but only listen further. Exhausted by the difficult journey over the ice and the rocks, worn out by cold, and enfeebled by their anxiety for the future, our three friends slept, covered up in their blankets, and with their loaded guns on their arms, until at last the pilot was roused by a dreadful howling and noise. He got up; the noise beeame more frightful continually, and the howling more horrible. He at once awaked the others, who sprung up affrighted, and in imagination already beheld a troop of wild bears before them. The darkness was awful; not a star shone. They stepped to the entrance of the cave—and what a

eting! The tempest broke howling on the

d roared horribly through the valley.

Snow and rain drove in at the entrance of the cavern in the face of these distressed men. All nature was in the most dreadful uproar, and it often seemed to our unfortunates as if they heard the heavy roll of thunder.

Disturbed also as was the pilot, yet he constrained himself to appear calm. He feared the worst, and yet would not willingly destroy the hope of his less experienced friends, with which they were continually flattering themselves. Overwhelming and sorrowful news is always soon enough.

"How well it is for us," he said, "that we can sit here in a dry place!" He spoke with a beating heart. The fate of his comrades presented itself to him; the thought that they might now be wandering about on the ice in this frightful weather, in the impenetrable darkness, and the conviction that the torch could no longer burn, disquieted his heart; scarcely could he hide from his friends what he feared. To examine whether the torch was yet burning was impossible; the storm would have dashed any one to the chasm below who ventured to leave the cavern. It was perfectly impossible, in the darkness, to climb the ledge of rocks, as the ascent, even by the glimmer of daylight, was dangerous to life. "God Almighty only can grant that our friends should not be lost!" he cried out almost

against his will; "may his angels direct them!" A wish in which they all participated, although the others felt not the same anxiety that he did. They went back into the cavern, and notwithstanding their disturbed thoughts, soon fell asleep again. After a long while, the poor men awoke. In the whole region there reigned a death-like stillness; the storm was entirely laid—the air was pure and clear, but exceedingly cold, and our unfortunates almost felt ready to imagine that they had only been dreaming. It was yet dark, indeed, but they observed in the southern part of the sky that always increasing arch of light which indicated the rising of the sun. With longing they waited for the day, and scarcely had it broken than they clambered up the rocky ledge, this time with still greater risk of life, as it was rendered smooth by the ice and snow. But what a view! what horror! That vast field of ice over which they had come yesterday had disappeared! High waves were rolling close in to the shore, and broke foaming on the rocks; only single cakes of ice were driven on the coast. Of the wreck there was not the slightest trace to be discovered.

MARIA. I was just thinking about that. What, then, had become of it?

JULIA. Where, then, were the poor men they had left?

FATHER. Who could answer these questions? Nothing could be more certain than the destruction of the unfortunates, whether they had been wandering on the ice or had remained on the sinking wreck.

MAX. But, father, was there not some piece of the wreck or a corpse driven on the shore?

FATHER. Not the slightest trace of one.

MARIA. But might not some of the unfortunate crew have wandered somewhere on a field of ice? Might they not have landed on some other place on the coast?

GUSTAVUS. This last supposition was not very likely, for they would keep looking towards the burning torch.

FATHER. Alas! they had little benefit from this. It lay overthrown, extinguished, and hardly burnt down a few inches, on the rock.

Overwhelmed and almost annihilated, stood the three friends on the spot. They reflected not on their own sad lot, they felt nothing but for the calamity of their comrades, and this the more, the less they knew whether the unfortunate men had been overwhelmed, or whether they were still driven about, a sport for the ocean billows. No one of the three friends spoke a word. Every one of them was tortured by the most sorrowful thoughts, and every one took care not to communicate his painful ideas to the others.

With their eyes filled with tears, they looked out towards the place in which, a few hours before, they saw the wreck. Their hearts were greatly oppressed and ready to burst, and their bosoms most deeply weighed down.

"Might not, then, our friends have been saved? It was not impossible. God may lead them to find us, probably wholly unexpectedly," finally said the pilot, more in order to raise Ivan and Gregory's sunken spirits than from his own conviction.

"And if we should not see them again," replied Ivan, "if only they are saved! I should be glad of it with all my soul. Our friends may then take measures, in their own country, for our rescue." But he was well convinced, while expressing this wish, as well as was the pilot, that it could not be so.

MARIA. But, father, that does not quite please me. Ivan and the pilot should not utterly despair of the fulfilment of their desire.

MOTHER. This was owing to the feeling of their hearts, produced by misfortune. The fates of men have a great influence on their mode of thinking. Whoever sees himself often favored by providence becomes thereby more easily assured, and not rarely too presumptuous. He flatters himself that he will always be so favored. But if he is visited by misfortune, he then becomes spiritless, he sees nothing but his own

wretchedness—hope forsakes him, and he is always timid.

FATHER. At least, he acts thus at the first moments, in which misfortune affects him the more seriously. When he first comes to reflection then new hope is excited; the unhappy man feels the benefits of the same, and then clings to it the stronger the more innocent he is, and the more reasons of calmness he can create for himself out of religion.

Indeed the pilot and Ivan had little reason for hope. If their friends had not landed on the island—and how little probability there was of this!—the miserable broken wreck could not hold together long in the open sea, at least not long enough for them to reach land. How could the unfortunate men guide it without mast and sail? They must look on quietly as the wreck caught by the tempest and driven on by the foaming billows, finally was dashed to pieces on the heaps of ice, or was swallowed up by the raging waves.

This hour of hopelessness was certainly horrible for the three unfortunates. The poor creatures over whose fate they lamented were their friends. Could they have landed on the island, and had they brought supplies for their wants from the wreck, then it would have been tolerable; were the country ever so desolate or

barren, it would be great comfort to them that there were so many of them together. Union and friendship would have softened the horrors of their solitude; their united strength would have lightened every burden, and even the severe toil would have been thus sweetened. But now they were three unfortunates, and hardly provided with the necessary supply of their wants for a single day. How would it be with them in the approaching winter, lasting for almost half a year? How should the poor men withstand the cold and hunger? Where should they find a protecting shelter, and from whence could they obtain for themselves warm clothing?

Happy and hopeful as these sufferers had been when, a few hours before, they left the cavern, thus wretched, almost brought to despair, like men who seemed to be abandoned by God, they now returned back to this their retreat. There lay the few remnants of the provisions they had taken with them, their scanty meal; not one of them touched it—not one of them felt hunger or thirst; they had only one feeling, which must have wrought horribly upon them, the thought of their boundless misfortune.

JULIA. What a frightful situation! They could not be more wretched!

FATHER. Do you think so?

JULIA. I cannot really conceive how there

could be anything in their situation that could be called good fortune!

FATHER. I do not exactly blame your view; at the first moment the unfortunate men themselves would not have thought differently. But scarcely had the first storm been laid in their breasts than calm reflection also again renewed its sway, and then they soon found too that even in the most doubtful situation there still remained to them many good things. What do you think there was, Max?

MAX. I should think, father, it was a great piece of good fortune that there were three of them. If there had been only one of them, this solitary man would certainly have felt himself very unhappy.

FATHER. Very true! But suppose the three had not been friends?

MARIA. Yet here they would have become so?

FATHER. But supposing they had not, could they then have reasonably hoped that they could have overcome all their obstacles?

MARIA. No! One would have wronged the others, and thus everything would have been ruined.

FATHER. So the three were friends who lived in unity and concord, and this was a great and inestimable benefit. They could now therefore

count on every one helping the others, and standing by them, and thus half of their burdens fell off, and the other became tolerable and light. Gustavus, what advantage beside had they?

GUSTAVUS. They were healthy, stout men who could endure, able seamen, who knew how to cut their way through in case of necessity.

FATHER. Very well! An essential benefit. Now, Maria, do you know any other advantage?

MARIA. They were active, laborious men, who had the best of dispositions.

FATHER. This is also true. And now I will tell you of yet another advantage. Had they brought themselves into this situation by rashness and folly?

GUSTAVUS. *No;* they were in the discharge of their duty and at their posts.

FATHER. Had they anything to reproach themselves? I will except Ivan and Gregory, who must always have felt painfully that they had secretly left their father.

GUSTAVUS. No, they had a quiet conscience.

FATHER. Right, and so you see then, that they were not so wholly wretched. Friendship, good-will, health, strength, and a good conscience were left to them, and so long as a man possesses these advantages so long he is not wretched or forsaken. Besides this they were pious, religious men, who did not put God and his commandment

out of their sight. Therefore faith was ever increasing in their heart, that God would not leave them, and that his wisdom would find means and ways for their sustenance. Besides, I may tell you beforehand thus much, that their wretchedness was to rise yet higher, and almost to become intolerable. I resume again, therefore, the thread of their history. To the question which every one of them made respecting the fate of his companions, there was joined also another and as important a one—which indeed was easier put than answered—I mean the inquiry, what they must now begin *upon?*

The pilot, a worthy old sailor, who had made many voyages, and lived through many adventures, had encountered and triumphed over many dangers, was, as it were, an angel of deliverance for his friends. He was a man of a sound understanding, of a correct view, of a pious, firm character, a man whom a peril might for a moment render daring, but who did not lose his head in the most desperate condition, but aroused his courage and soon found means of aid, and then did not allow himself to be diverted again from his path once entered upon.

GUSTAVUS. That is my man! He pleases me! He would make an able general, like Ziethen or old Blucher!

FATHER. The comparison is a good one; for

it was by such a pious, firm feeling, by this unshaken courage in the greatest dangers, those two heroes showed their character. For some hours the three friends had lain there silent and inactive. It was not yet dark, the moon's crescent, which was scarcely to be observed in the stormy night, and the glimmering stars cast a feeble twilight into the cavern, when the brave pilot at once raised himself up. "Friends!" said he, "we cannot and must not remain as we now are. We have sat here more than two hours with our heads on our hands. That this does us no good, you see; we must behave differently. So up and forward! Let us eat something. I am hungry, and we ought not to injure our stomachs if we wish to hold up our heads. We will eat, and then we must go out to explore. The night is not so very dark, we are armed, and what is better yet, our hearts keep their right places. Possibly we may find our comrades, and probably not; or it may happen to us to discover that hut or some other cavern; and even if we do not accomplish all this, we shall have done our duty."

These words of the brave man and his example operated on the two others; they felt themselves lightened; their courage returned again; they were ashamed of their sluggishness and their despairing distrust of God's government

and their own powers. The small remnants of the food they had brought with them were eaten, and when nothing more was left, the old pilot led the way—"Now in God's name forward! I have satisfied my appetite, and I feel new strength in myself."

JULIA. And they really went out? In the night?

FATHER. Which you must recollect was not yet so very dark. The cold air is purer; the stars shine more brightly: even the snow diffuses a certain light, and besides this, the moon stood in her first Quarter. All this gave our wanderers light enough to see the path, and avoid the dangers in which a total darkness would have precipitated them. They descended from the height, and went again into the valley, and now turned themselves to the opposite side. But the way still led along between walls of rock, in which certain forms and shapes stood forth like statues. In the weak light these often appeared terrific and fearful; the sight of them produced even in these courageous men many disturbed thoughts, to which was joined the overwhelming idea that they had consumed the last remnants of their food. This circumstance filled the otherwise so firm and composed pilot with distressing anxiety. In vain he related his former voyages; recollections could as little ena-

ble him to avoid disquietude as the solicitude of his companions. He sought in every way to keep up his friends' courage; but the wilder the country grew, so much the more he felt in himself how his former strong courage was shaken. The rocks continually rougher, the overhanging cliffs ever more frightful, and every moment threatened to fall, while the entire region around increased in horror. Our friends however still kept on the way they had chosen, and soon they perceived a clearer, milder air, as the high walls of rock kept off the keen draught of the cold wind. They saw that the points of the cliffs became clearer and more illuminated, and justly concluded that the short day had broken, and the sun had risen. All at once they saw on the side, a little running brook, which pure as silver, gushed forth from a cliff, and lost itself behind a distant rock, "Thank God!" cried the pilot, "one principal want is satisfied! Heaven will help us yet further!"—All were now full of new courage from this discovery. The water was beautiful, and was of so much the greater benefit for them, as the provisions taken from the wreck consisted of biscuit and salted meat.

GUSTAVUS. Yes, then a drink relishes.

FATHER. A small piece of good fortune can at once very much cheer the unfortunate. So it was here. The three friends sat each on a stone

which lay on the margin of the fountain, and drank to refresh themselves. The pilot who carefully observed everything, now began: "I know not whether I err, but it seems to me as if we were here in the neighborhood of men." —With these words he pointed to some stones regularly laid as if for a table and seats.—"That is the work of men's hands!" he added. "The basin of the fountain too has been prepared with art, and here are stairs made in the soft sandstone. Either persons have formerly inhabited here, or we shall have the good fortune to-day, to become acquainted with our new neighbors."

MAX. But did not the pilot deceive himself? Possibly he only imagined that he saw something?

FATHER. The man was too well experienced to be under such a deception. It is indeed true that nature, especially in rocks and cliffs, often produces forms and shapes of which a man at the first sight, might believe that they were fashioned by the hand of man: as for example, we find towers, pyramids, wedges, and even figures of beasts and men. But this was not the case here; they soon became convinced, that in truth, the hand of man had been there employed.

They now, yet more eagerly, searched into everything with anxious observation; the whole region was thoroughly examined, they went further into a dark hollow, and all at once saw

themselves inclosed in a vast chasm of rock. It was now fully day. The friends could not enough look at the wild stones lying around them, and the strange forms of the cliffs. "Men have inhabited here, or they still do so," said Ivan. "See here are foot-prints; here where no tree is to be found, lie shavings. We must search further!"

With these words he went round a cliff, and a kind of stairs made of flat stones, rudely laid on each other, led on behind the cliff on the wall of rock. He called out to the two others; they came, and all mounted some tolerably convenient steps, and soon reached an ascending foot-path which wound around spirally through some stones lying about, and which they now followed.

There, all at once, the three friends found themselves on the ridge of the mountain ledge;—opposite stood the low sun in its most beautiful splendor, and deep beneath them lay a fine valley which was bounded on the opposite side by mountains and rocks. In the midst of the valley there ran up a narrow bay, or basin.

JULIA. Do they not call it a bay when a part of the ocean runs up deep into the land?

FATHER. Yes: they name it a gulf or a bay. The soil of the valley from the hill to the bay was of a beautiful meadow green, through which

ran little brooks. The view was beautiful and enlivening: the vale lay exactly opposite the sun which shone into it. The air was without mist, and pure, and the mingling of colors charming, which the green of the meadow ground, the glassy surface of the bay, the dark cliffs, the projecting distant points of snow and ice, of the mountains and the clear blue heavens produced.

MARIA. Who would have looked for this in Spitzbergen?

FATHER. And yet this was the case. That vale was sheltered by the rocks from the cold north and east winds, and as it lay open towards the south the sun could warm it. In the summer therefore the heat in this valley was almost intolerable.

To proceed, however, with our story. But what caused the greatest joy to our friends, was the sight of a vast collection of dry trees, which lay on the shore of the bay.

MAX. Trees?

FATHER. Large whole trees with branches and roots.

MAX. Then there must have been forests and groves in a pretty good condition!

FATHER. Forests and groves? On the whole island there did not grow a single tree, or shrub, from which you could cut the smallest stick.

MARIA. But whence so much dry wood?

FATHER. The providence of God had taken care, that these regions without wood, should yet not be wholly destitute of this necessary of life. The great streams in North America lay waste by their overflow large tracts of woodland; their swelling waters tear up the strongest trees, and bear them off into the sea. The storms and winds then do the rest, to float these trees into that uninhabited region, where they are driven on the shore or left lying in the gulfs and bays. —"And now we ought not to stop half-way," said the pilot, interrupting the joyful expressions of his friends. "If the history of the cooper's hut is not a mere fable, it must be found here in this vale. We have yet almost two hours left us of day, and this we will use in the right way!" They immediately went down into the vale, towards which the way was more convenient than that which they had taken to climb the height. They betook themselves to the shore and found it grown over with spoon-wort, and other plants of the cress kind; a discovery which was of the greatest value to them.

MARIA. Thus one perplexity was relieved after another.

MOTHER. An observation which you will often find confirmed, in the life of man.

GUSTAVUS. Yes, they had wood and water,

but with regard to provisions and lodging, they indeed do not appear to be very well off.

JULIA. And who knows whether a remedy will not be found for this too?

FATHER. We will hope for it. Ivan, who had observed some large fish in the bay, now luckily thought of something. "We have," said he, "not much more day. On this account I advise that two of us seach for the hut, or some other lodging, while the third takes care and secures the fish and collects a heap of dry wood. When it becomes later we shall probably be hungry." This proposal met with approbation, and they concluded they would carry it into execution. Ivan offered himself to take charge of the cooking, and the two others immediately went along the wall of rock to search out a lodging. The former, on the other hand, turned towards the water. Scarcely had he advanced some hundred steps than he noticed something thick on the shore, which drew his whole observation on it.

JULIA. And this was?—

FATHER. In a little pool left by the water when it was higher, there was wallowing about a large fish like a salmon, and was making all possible efforts to get out of his prison inclosure and to reach again the bay close by. Now as Ivan approached him he was completly frighten-

ed and distressed, beat around him with his tail, sprang up high and moved the foaming water so greatly that Ivan found it impossible to master his prey. "Only wait a moment!" said he, "you shall soon be tame." With these words he drew his axe out of his girdle cut a stout piece of wood into the shape of a spade, and now dug into the light sand very soon, a narrow run by which he conducted off the water of the pool into the bay. The drain was perfectly accomplished; the water ran off continually, and when Ivan, who in the meantime had cut up some wood, came back, it was already wholly drained off, and the fish lay worn out and flapping on the dry sand. A few smart strokes with the head of the axe despatched him, and Ivan was busy in dividing up the fish when the pilot and Gregory returned. That long-sought hut had not indeed been found; but instead of it they had discovered a fine roomy cave, which was far better suited for lodging than that in which they had been yesterday, and which besides, as it was now beginning to be darker, they might not have found again. In this way every one had something to tell of. Ivan showed his friends the fine fish and the heap of fire wood he had cut up small, while they described to him the cave they had discovered, which happily lay near, behind a projection of the rock.

They now went to work. They carried the fish and a large quantity of the firewood to the cave, and not till the sun had for a long time gone down, did they take time to examine more closely their new dwelling. A fire kindled in the middle of it lighted it up perfectly, and to the great astonishment of all of them, clearly showed that the handywork of man had aided nature. On the side were many stones cut out for seats and tables; in the walls were to be seen places hollowed out, and they clearly perceived, that the upper portion of it was blackened by smoke. All proving that this cavern must have formerly served for a dwelling.

MAX. And did not they find farther traces?

FATHER. At least not at once. But before it was fully night Ivan and Gregory had laid together, before the entrance of the cavern, a pile of heavy sticks of wood while, the pilot roasted and baked at a little fire on a hard spit of wood, several pieces of fish. This supper seasoned with gunpowder tasted nicely. Now Ivan and Gregory kindled up the pile of wood before the cavern—

MARIA. But why did they do that? They would have done better to have spared the wood.

FATHER. The loss could be easily replaced; wood lay in immense quantities not far from their cavern. They kindled up the supply they

had brought together, as a precaution. They had observed in the light sand on the shore, footprints or tracks of bears, and they must, therefore, have feared that some of them would be pressing into the cavern during the night. And hence their kindling up a blazing fire, which was the best means to keep off the dreaded guests. Now our friends lay down to sleep covered in their blankets, having their loaded guns near them. The kindly warmth which the fire diffused in the cavern, the supper eaten, and the firm conviction gained that they were not forsaken, caused them soon to fall into a soft slumber. Then all at once they were aroused—

MOTHER. The cry of the night watch, dear father! It has struck eleven. To-morrow, children, your father will tell you what then roused them up.

Fifth Evening.

It is unpleasant even to grown-up persons, when a story of any interesting event is broken off in a moment in which the curiosity has reached the highest point. Just so was it most naturally with Max, Gustavus, Maria, and Julia. Their expectation had been raised to the highest pitch; they had not thought of sleep, and felt not the least tired; the evening hours had passed away to them like short minutes, and they would gladly have spent the whole night, when the voice of the watchman proclaimed the near approach of midnight.

In the leisure hours of the next morning, they thought of nothing but the conclusion of this story. They spoke of it together, and exhausted themselves in suppositions, what it could have been so extraordinary before the cavern to rouse up the wanderers. Especially did Gustavus and Julia busy themselves in trying to answer this question; sometimes they supposed that a part of the cavern had tumbled in; some-

times they believed that unexpectedly, strangers, possibly friends left behind on the wreck, had appeared; sometimes they feared an earthquake or some other remarkable wonder of nature, until at the end they saw that with all their imaginations, they were not a hair's breadth nearer to the truth. Max and Maria had better employed their time; they had a map of the island before them, and were earnestly engaged in becoming more closely acquainted with the scene of the history.

Finally the hour of evening struck, in which their father was used to relate the story; and when he had seated himself in his wonted place, in the circle of his children waiting full of expectation, he began to take up again the thread of the history, broken off the day before. "We left," he said, "our friends—"

MAX. In the newly found cavern—

JULIA. Sleeping by the fire—

MARIA. When all at once something aroused them.

FATHER. What that was I will now tell you. More calm and yielding to their fate, than they had been the day before, the good men lay slumbering there, when the pilot lying close to the entrance suddenly sprung up from a dream, and called to both of his friends by a loud cry of horror, that they were attacked from without.

They sprung up, seized on their arms, and in a moment were ready to face any danger.

JULIA. Was there any danger then?

FATHER. They had slept some time probably, for the fire burning before the cavern was almost extinguished, and only a few flames flickered over the heap of burning coals. Gregory wished to kindle up the fire anew, and went towards the mouth of the cavern to lay together several sticks of wood.

Suddenly the other two heard him crying loudly for help. They hastened immediately out, and saw to their affright, that a huge polar bear had attacked Gregory, who was defending himself against the monster only with his hatchet. He had indeed dealt him with it a mighty blow on the head, but the beast thereby only made the more raging, rushed with redoubled fury on Gregory and struck him with his forepaws so violently in his face, that he sank faint to the ground.

JULIA. But, father, did no one come to his aid?

FATHER. How can you doubt that they did? Ivan was nearest; he sprang forward and fired off his gun. The ball hit the side of the bear, on which he turned with rage at Ivan, who was hardly in a condition to withstand the assault of the beast, until the old pilot hurried forward

and struck his sword into the body of the bear, standing on his hind feet, clean up to the hilt. Growling, the beast sank down and then tried to raise himself again, but his wounds from which the blood gushed out in a stream, hindered him. Then the resolute pilot came up nearer, held the muzzle of his gun to the ear of the bear, and with this shot levelled his foe to the ground. Ivan too, brought back to life again his friend Gregory, whom the fright and the hard blows with the paws had left senseless, while the pilot kindled up the fire anew. This appeared the more necessary as they heard at a distance the howling, and roaring of similar beasts. Then exhausted, he entered the cavern. "A fine joke," said he laughing. "We might have come off bad enough!"

MAX. Certainly, if there had not been three of them.

MARIA. Or if they had had no fire.

GUSTAVUS. And no gun. Or if they had been fast asleep.

FATHER. You are right! It was very well that the friends had thought of accidents; the least negligence might have cost the life of one if not of the whole three of them. Ivan and Gregory were still continually frightened, as is wont to be the case with men after a fright they have received, since it is in the remembrance

that the danger often first presents itself in its real magnitude. The pilot sought to weaken this impression. "The thing has its good results," said he laughing. "We shall not have much more sleep this night, but that will do us no harm; we shall not be troubled with weariness. We have a work to do; the skin is good for use, and the meat is not to be slighted; I believe and hope that we may become acquainted with other guests of the same kind."

Gregory had fully recovered; with him and Ivan, the pilot went out in front of the cavern, where the bear lay out-stretched. By the light of the fire our friends laid hold of the beast, and in a few hours' work, the skin was drawn off. The hide was of unusual size, and beneath it lay the fat several fingers thick. "Indeed a fine piece of game," said the pilot, "and that we should meet with it too, on the first day of our residence here! If it goes on so, and we have for every fortnight a piece of roasted meat like this, we shall have nothing to say against our winter quarters!"

JULIA. But to eat bear's flesh? No one would have me for a guest.

FATHER. And why not? In the northern regions, bear's flesh is often eaten; the bear in spite of his growling and wildness is a very clean animal.

MARIA. And if he were not, hunger is the best cook.

FATHER. The pilot cut up the beast, and threw away the entrails and all the useless portions down into the valley. The rest divided into pieces was brought into the cavern, and some of the most juicy parts roasted on the glowing coals, gave them a fine breakfast. It had become somewhat clear, though with the rising of the sun a slight mist rose in the valley.

To-day the sun went up lower, and the round was much smaller which it described above the earth; it appeared to move over the horizon and the ocean like a glowing ball, without rising far above them. The old pilot looked thoughtfully on this appearance. "I fear," said he, "that in a few days we shall wholly lose sight of the sun. We must use the short time which remains to us with all the activity of which we are capable, if we do not wish to suffer the greatest want during the whole of the long winter." "We shall not fail to do it," said Ivan in reply. "Only tell us what we must do."

MARIA. Ah, there was plenty of work to be done! To bring together wood.—

GUSTAVUS. To provide food.—

FATHER. Ivan and Gregory became anxious from the thoughtful appearance of the pilot. "First of all," said he, "we must make an at-

tempt to find that hut. If we do not succeed is this, we must look out at least for a warmer, safer, and more convenient abode than this open cavern. We must also provide means of living and wood. But do not be spiritless. The winter here is not so dark as in other countries. The moon, the stars, the snow and the northern lights will give us so much light that we can carry on many of our operations without very greatly missing the sun."

With a bag, a pack, and well armed, the friends went forth during the short day from the cavern, and turning towards the south side, where the wall of the rock was higher, the cliffs more abrupt, and minutely observed everything which they met. Every fissure or opening in the rock was examined attentively. Everywhere they found traces that men must have inhabited here. Sometimes a piece of hewn timber was seen, sometimes portions of a broken tool, but nowhere could they find the trace of a dwelling.

"The story as to the hut is certainly false, invented by some idle brains," said the pilot. "We must make up our mind to spend our winter within a casemate."

JULIA. Casemate?

FATHER. Casemates are arched bomb proof cellars under the main wall of a fortress. The pilot here used this expression by way of joke.

The nearer our friends came to the mouth or passage out of the bay into the open sea, the higher, wilder, and the more frightful were the rocks. It appeared as if here nature had placed firm and insurmountable bounds to the ocean. "What if we should try to climb one of these cliffs?" said Ivan. "Possibly we may discover from thence what we are so greatly longing to find." The pilot gave him liberty, for according to his view the hut they were seeking must stand as near as possible to the sea.

MARIA. Why so, sir.

FATHER. Partly on account of their being the easier able to supply their wants from time to time, and partly because they might as soon as possible notice the arrival of a ship, which farther into the land was attended with numerous difficulties.

Courageously and collectedly they clambered up one of the nearest and highest cliffs. It was still day, and the view was fine; they looked far, far out into the ocean, but it was already covered even to the entrance of the gulf with monstrous cakes of ice which towered up before the mouth of the bay. They stood crowded on one another like huge blocks of rock, and formed into a multitude of points and shapes, which lay beneath each other in the most parti-colored mixture, and in any other circumstances would have been to

our friends a fine sight. But on them now, in their present circumstances, the view had little effect; the thought of their lost friends and the idea of their own sad condition, banished every otherwise agreeable impression. Now the sun went down, and cold air blowing, took away their breath and strength from our friends; neither of them spoke a word; sorrowful and full of the most disturbed thoughts, they wished to go down again, when Gregory looked around him and—who could conceive of the joy of the good man—below, in a valley lying at a short distance off, he saw a tolerably large and firmly built hut.

JULIA. Thank God! It seems to me almost as if I had found the hut!

MARIA. I was afraid, indeed, the unfortunate men would have searched here too in vain!

FATHER. With delight they looked into the valley sufficiently enlightened by the last rays of the setting sun, and saw that the hut was built against a wall of rock, and enclosed by a pretty wide and deep trench laid on the upper margin by large stones, in the inside space of which lay a sort of broken bridge.

That they now, inspirited anew, quickly and hurriedly left the cliff, and every one wished to be the first to enter the so long desired refuge, I need not assure you.

MARIA. And that was really the hut which the cooper had erected?

FATHER. That our friends could not determine. Perhaps they did not at first inquire about it, as they were so glad as to have found the hut. Gregory descended into the trench, clambered up on the other side with much trouble, and now reached out a piece of rotten board, which served for a bridge, to his friends, in order to give them a more convenient way across than he himself had enjoyed. With the most anxious observation they looked around on everything. The inside of the trench was made with a sort of masonry work, which was set with large flat stones, and bound together with moss and earth. The hut itself was of tolerable size; its sides as well as the wall were of flat stones, the roof consisted of sea-weed, but was wholly covered over with moss. On one side of the ridge, an opening served for a chimney, and a wooden shutter appeared to represent a window frame. The door as well as this shutter was closed.

JULIA. And did no one dwell here?

FATHER. At least no answer followed the repeated calls and knockings. While our friends went around the hut, they observed a hollow leading through the rock from which a person might clearly look out on the surface of the ocean; a circumstance which gave them the

most certain proof of the wisdom of the builder. Both were here united—a warmer valley protected against the storms, and likewise a view of the ocean, from whence only they could expect deliverance.

GUSTAVUS. So they took up their quarters here?

FATHER. As was most natural! Gregory pulled open the shutter, mounted into the hut, and opened the door which was bolted on the inside. A heavy musty smell met those who were entering, and this was the best proof that the hut for a long time had no inhabitants. The feeble light, which fell through the door and every opening was not sufficient to render the objects perfectly clear; the pilot therefore kindled one with the torches they had brought with them. Thus they had the double advantage that the torch gave light and its flame consumed the thick heavy air.

MARIA. How did they then find it furnished?

FATHER. Just as you may suppose. They found nothing but an old table, a pair of benches, and some sort of an utensil, nearly eaten up by rust. In the wall there were some holes, probably designed for clamps of the wall.

JULIA. And did they find nothing further?

FATHER. No. In fact all three were greatly deceived in their expectations, by this scantiness

which came under their view. Here they had hoped to find everything which they needed for their support, and now they saw their hopes so little satisfied. There they stood sorrowful; they felt nothing but the pain of seeing themselves disappointed in their expectations. To this was added the prospect of a sorrowful future, and thus we cannot wonder if they, in these circumstances, felt in the highest degree unfortunate.

GUSTAVUS. And was the pilot also sad?

FATHER. And why should he not be so? But I can say to you, that he too was the first, in whom courage again revived. "The hut seems to me to be larger on the outside," said he, and looked carefully around him. Then he perceived a large board that was leaning behind a bench against the wall; it was a piece of a part of a rudder, but it was so deeply pressed into the sand, that it could only be moved away with the greatest trouble.

GUSTAVUS. And there they found?—I can imagine what it was.

FATHER. An entrance in which they perceived at the first sight, that the hands of man had cut it out, or at least had widened it. So heavy, oppressive, almost suffocating, an atmosphere met the curious explorers, that they drew back, as if they were stunned. "I must know what is in that cellar!" said the pilot, while he drew

the charge of shot from his gun, and loaded it only with powder. He advanced some steps further within the entrance, and fired off the gun. The deadened report echoed through the vault, the flash of the powder at the same time took away from the otherwise deadly air its suffocating quality, and with the clearer, shining torch, they could now go deeper into the cavern. But what an affright suddenly seized upon the three friends!—A gray-headed old man with a long snow-white beard, and covered in a skin.

JULIA. A man? Father, a real man?

FATHER. Sat sleeping behind a table, whose head like a person slumbering, leaned back on the railing of his stool.

MARIA. Was he then only asleep? Was he really alive?

FATHER. That, our affrighted friends could not know; such an examination their terror did not at the first moment permit. They stood several minutes at a distance, regarding the sleeper, before they ventured to approach nearer and address him.

JULIA. And what did he answer?

FATHER. Nothing. He sat like a statue. Finally, the steersman went up closer, held the light of his torch under the gray-beard's eyes, and now found that it was a corpse, probably of the last inhabitant of the cavern, *who had died*

sitting on his stool. When they had recovered themselves from their first affright, they were now in a situation to consider everything more closely, which presented itself to their view. The corpse itself was like a mummy, hard and dry.

MAX. How was that possible, as every corpse elsewhere becomes putrefied unless it is anointed with balsam?

FATHER. Probably it arose from the condition of the place. We find many vaults and caves, in which corpses do not decay, but become hard, firm mummies; and this cavern certainly had this peculiarity. The dead man wore a skin which, by the length of the time, had become wholly brittle. Before him, on the table, stood an empty drinking cup, a tin plate, and an ink-stand in which were some pens, and a pamphlet lay there of about twenty leaves written out.—What, my dear children, would you have first done?

MAX. I would have read the pamphlet.

GUSTAVUS. I would have buried the corpse in the earth.

MARIA. So would I, and then searched through the whole cave.

FATHER. I believe Gustavus is right. Our friends did the same. The sight of the corpse was to them only painful and revolting. They

found too at the first sight many woollen and hairy coverings; in the largest of them they wrapped the corpse, bore it out in front of the hut, and with the united activity of the three friends, it was not difficult, by the aid of an axe and their hands, to make a grave in the light sand, near the hut. Strange as it may seem, they performed this duty with perfect calmness and in the midst of conversation such as is usual in general labor. But now when they went in to take up the corpse, suddenly they were seized by a serious melancholy, such as they had never before experienced. Tears ran from their eyes; they stood there with folded hands and downcast eyes—no one spoke.

JULIA. Why was that?

FATHER. The whole made too deep an impression on the pious, good men. They now buried a person wholly unknown to them, who certainly had not expected to have his grave here, and who never imagined that these three friends would pay the last services to his remains.

"Who will perform this last duty for us? Who of us will be the first, and who the last?" Every one asked himself; and questions of this kind often shake even the most wicked, how much more must they affect the pious heart! Amid tears their work was completed; they

heaped up by the clear moonlight the grave, which the friends covered with a flat stone. The pilot prayed at the grave, then dried his tears and said, "Now we must shed no more tears! The slumberer is at rest. He has passed through all.—We will leave him to his repose!"

With moistened eyes they looked on the grave of the unknown; the picture of their own dark future pressed upon them, and in sorrowful, melancholy mood, they returned back to the hut. "Friends," began the pilot, "we can do nothing here to-day. Let us keep out in the open air." He looked at his watch. "It is almost eleven o'clock; the sun must rise before long."

JULIA. So early?

FATHER. Yes, indeed. On account of the approaching winter, the sun here soon became wholly invisible, and the last day before its disappearance it rose only a little distance above the horizon. "I consider it, therefore, the most suitable time," added the pilot, "now to go out for wood and food." This he proposed not so much on account of the object mentioned, as rather to divert the minds of his friends, and drive off their troublous thoughts. He knew, doubtless from his own experience, that a man injures himself in nothing as much as by excessive sorrow and immoderate anxiety, since he thus becomes unfit for all business and labor,

and renders himself doubly wretched and unfortunate. This, therefore, he wished to prevent in his friends, without allowing himself precisely to point out his object. He himself went back into the hut, to extinguish the burning torch, brought forth the arms of his friends and their knapsacks, together with an axe, and thus they went out in the fresh cold air, through the hollow of the valley to that bay, from whence, as you know, they could see directly over the ocean even to the rising sun. The frost covered the ground as yet without snow; on the shore of the bay there was a thin coat of ice, and the air was extremely cold. At the horizon it was clearer; there was formed that red, fiery circle, which portends the rising of the sun, and soon he made his appearance in majestic splendor, but gradually disappeared again, after he had raised half of his disk above the icebergs.

The pilot cast a melancholy look towards it. "We have then seen thee for the last time this year!" said he seriously; for as he had already often voyaged in the northern regions of the earth, so he knew that the sun, in this zone, disappeared for at least four or five months at a time. It was, therefore, to him at this moment as if an old, tried, and intimate friend was taking farewell of him. The thought on what he must encounter and undergo, probably, before he saw

him again, must also have so greatly affected his heart as he was yet so full of the impression which the burial of the unknown had left behind it.

Almost without knowing what they did and why they chose that path, the friends, silent, and full of serious thoughts, went to that cavern in which they had passed the night before, and were disturbed by the attack of the Polar bear. And here they were all at once awaked out of their heavy melancholy mood.

JULIA. Now, it was not by misfortune, was it?

FATHER. You will recollect that they had thrown down into the valley from the cavern the useless parts and entrails of the bear they killed. This act had now invited some guests, which here held open table in good companionship.—There were two powerful bears and many foxes, who were satisfying their hunger on these remains, and were so busy at their work that they did not even observe the approach of our three friends.

"Now, what think you?" asked the pilot. "Shall we venture on an attack, or shall we get out of the scrape?" Ivan and Gregory left the decision of this question to the more experienced pilot, but promised to hold out and support him with all their might to the last drop of their blood.

"The contest must almost of necessity be ventured," added the pilot; "besides, we not the less need skins and food; if we are once terrified the beasts will become so much the more daring, and we the more timid. We must venture on it; the booty is worth the pains." Cautiously they went behind a projecting piece of rock, in order to consult as to the plan of attack, and enter on the most suitable arrangements. "Hunting the bear is not so strange and unknown to me, that I cannot teach you the necessary precautions," said the old pilot. "The bear, especially the large white bear, is a wholly peculiar sort of fellow, who must be handled in a particular way. He never springs, like the wolf or the tiger, on his prey, but comes forward to meet you, as clad with a certain and an important commission. We must go towards him daringly, and composedly, and if he approaches us look him boldly in the eyes. When he is distant some paces from his assailant he rears himself up growling, and sits on his hind paws; in this posture he gradually advances, raises his forepaws, and spreads them out, in order to clasp his adversary and crush him, or to smash him down at one blow. This moment a man must make use of to thrust the beast in the breast with his bayonet, while the charge in the gun can thus be spared for the last necessity."

In this manner the pilot made his two friends acquainted with the mode of attack; and as they had bayonets on the end of their guns, it might be expected that all would result happily. Composed, yet not without some beating of the heart, Ivan and Gregory accompanied by the pilot, advanced forward. They had reached a distance of not more than forty paces from the enemy, when one of the foxes noticed their approach, and gave his comrades warning, on which they made off with incredible swiftness. "The thing has begun well!" said the pilot. "The volunteers have already taken to their heels!"

GUSTAVUS. But the bears, the heavy-armed troops, the grenadiers?—

FATHER. "Stand firm.—Hallo! Hallo!" now cried the pilot. Seriously and gravely uprose the two bears, began to growl, and with their forepaws wipe off their bloody snouts. Yet they stood still, with their glaring eyes directed to the three friends. "Hallo! Hallo," again cried the pilot repeating his hunter's cry, and thereupon rolled a stone in among them. This roused them, they became furious and first attacked the stone, rolled growling on the sand, and put themselves in motion. The pilot approached some steps nearer, and Ivan and Gregory with him. Now they were only a few feet distant from each

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other, when the strongest of the bears raised himself up to a fearful height, and growling all the while, came on his hind paws toward the pilot. When only two paces off he reached forth his right forepaw to smite him down at a single blow. But the pilot, who had already placed his gun, seemed only to have waited for this moment; for he now advanced a quick long step forward, and ran his bayonet into the foe, even up to the mouth of the gun, between the forepaws. At the same time he fired off the gun. The sound frightened the other bear, and caused him to stand still; but hardly had he seen that his companion had fallen down with a dreadful roaring, and his white skin was stained with blood, than he came up closer, more furiously to revenge the bloody death of his mate. Now Ivan sprang forward; the bear, though somewhat smaller, yet was more raging, and did exactly as had the one before him. But Ivan had not observed the pilot's manœuvre in vain; for scarcely had the bear held out his paws, than he too felt the deadly steel in his breast. The contest, however, was not very easy. The bear, which Ivan had not probably struck as well as the pilot did his opponent, became continually more furious, and pressed on Ivan, and hardly could he withstand the force of the beast.

Then Gregory sprang forward, and availing

himself skilfully of an exposed place of the foe, drove his bayonet with tremendous force between the ribs. The bear turned round fearfully, reeled, tumbled down, and rolled about exactly as did the first bear, which lay, to all appearance, in the last struggles of death. Then he strengthened himself anew, and both beasts fell on each other with a dreadful and indescribable fury. Covered with blood and growling, they thrashed around on the bloody earth, and tore themselves with their teeth, and so exhausted their strength, that the three friends had nothing more of fight to engage in. They left the beasts to kill themselves entirely, and removed themselves from the place of fight, but they were so exhausted and fatigued, that they hardly were able to get to the cavern, in order to obtain the bear's hide which they had left there the day before. After some hours they found the bears dead, and now they began, notwithstanding the cold, at once to skin the animals, and to cut up the flesh, a work which lasted several hours, but likewise was a good diversion to their minds. Loaded with the skins and the best pieces of the meat, they went to their hut. More than once they were obliged to go over the ground, which was not very distant, for the things to be carried were many, and yet they went out several times in order to carry a considerable quantity of wood

from the bay to the hut. Now they justly believed their day's work was evidently done; they therefore seated themselves in the hut, around a good warm fire, and eat their supper, talking over their adventure with the two bears.

"Now we will go about a very necessary business," said the pilot, "now we are best fitted for it, for we have toiled bravely." To Ivan's and Gregory's question, as to what he meant, he added: "We must acquaint ourselves more thoroughly with our household affairs, and for this purpose, I will first of all, prepare a light."

JULIA. But where could the pilot get this?

FATHER. You have forgot that on the table before the dead man, stood a lamp. This the pilot caught up; a strip of cotton cloth which he tore from his pocket handkerchief was twisted up for a wick, with the fat of the bear in place of oil, and thus the lamp soon burned clear and bright. They could now look over the whole space of the cavern, which reached far into the rock.

MARIA. Then I would have searched everything carefully through.

FATHER. Certainly our friends would not have left this behind, yet they had something to do more necessary. And what was this, Max?

MAX. The examination of that paper. They might expect to find in it some important and pleasant news.

FATHER. They truly found important information, but whether agreeable, this may be learned from the account itself. With the greatest care, Ivan unfolded the paper, which was written in the Dutch language. The letters were beautiful, clear, and legible, and fortunately Ivan and Gregory well understood this language.

MOTHER. A proof again, that men cannot learn too much.

FATHER. The proof of this is yet further to be found in this history! Ivan read over the paper and translated it to the pilot, who slightly or scarcely at all understood that language. It contained the sorrowful account of the unfortunate man whom our three friends had buried, as well as the fates of his ten companions in misfortune.

MARIA. Companions in misfortune? But they found only a single corpse?

FATHER. You will understand this when I have communicated to you the substance of the contents of that paper. It was to this effect:—

Twenty-five years before a Dutch ship, named the Good Hope, sailed with a number of others on a whale-fishing, and with its company reached the sixtieth degree of north latitude. The captain was of the opinion that the fishery here would not prove so successful, and therefore concluded, against the advice of the pilot and the

experienced sailors, to proceed on his way as far as possible northward, in the firm conviction, that it would there be more favorable to success. In vain were all their warnings; the captain decided upon it, and ventured himself into the greatest dangers.

GUSTAVUS. Is it then so dangerous?

FATHER. Not always. The Northern Ocean is sometimes more, and sometimes less covered with fields of ice. In the first case it is to be feared that great cakes would break off from the masses of ice, and woe then to the poor ship which is caught between them! It will be crushed together like a nutshell, and in the true sense of the word shattered to pieces. There is then no hope for the rescue of the unfortunate crew.

To all these representations the captain paid no attention. He secretly left the squadron in the night, I mean the other ships in the company of which he had hitherto been, and sailed farther towards the north. But what those who understood the matter had foretold to him actually came to pass. For two days he had advanced with a favorable wind between the firm fields of ice, when the weather changed, the wind veered round, many cakes of ice were broken off from the monstrous mass, and before they had perceived it shut up the return for the ship.

JULIA. And so the heaps of ice dashed the ship in pieces?

FATHER. No! this was not the case. It was a special favor of divine Providence that these masses of ice did not press close together, but rather kept an open space between them, and so formed, as it were, a little sea in which the ship sailed about as in an inclosed basin. Thus the poor men were now shut up as in a prison. For miles the inclosing dam extended itself; the ice continued to increase, the inner space was ever growing smaller, and a return was not to be thought of. To add to their desperation a thick fog extended itself over the whole region, in which they could hardly see the length of the ship. Now the captain repented of his folly. Now, first, he felt how unjustly he had treated himself and those under him, but it was now too late. After many days the fog dispersed, the air was clear, the sky was serene, and they observed that the space in which the ship moved had again considerably decreased. Then the ship's company concluded to send some out to explore whether they could not discover some land near, or find even a place in which they could reach the open sea over the ice, and at least be able to convey a boat thither. Two men armed and furnished with food, left the ship. Fortunately they chanced to take the course in which, after the march

of some miles, they actually reached land, and found in a hollow a hut fallen away. Joyfully they hastened back to the ship, and brought to the crew the glad news, that they were distant only a few miles either from the northern coast of Norway, or from Nova Zembla. If this was really the case they could easily reach land in well-known regions, and from hence without great trouble get back to their native country. The ship was now fastened in the still basin, and, provided with many necessaries, the crew betook themselves for the land near by. The first thing which the captain did was to take the height and breadth of the land, and then he found to his great horror, that here was no Norway, or Nova Zembla; but that they were on the wild and inhospitable island of Spitzbergen. This discovery threw the whole ship's company into the deepest consternation; they felt that the cause of their misfortune was owing solely and alone to the captain's proud self-will, and, therefore, they loaded him with the bitterest reproaches.

MARIA. But what good could that do?

FATHER. So they soon thought, especially when they saw how much the captain suffered. They felt that it would be far better to aid each other in their hard fate.

MAX. But were they then really so unhappy? For did not sometimes a ship come into that region?

FATHER. It now frequently happens, but at that time scarcely ever, and those northern regions were more unknown than the interior of Africa. But to proceed:—

They willingly pardoned the captain, promised him a new obedience, and concluded to remain here and to make the best arrangements they could. They therefore began to unload the whale-ship; even the hull itself, the stern, the quarter-deck, mast and sail, were taken off and brought on a sled over the smooth ice to the land. The before-discovered hut was put into a better state, and this, together with the cavern close by it was enlarged into a cellar, and thus now the poor men were obliged to spend their days in this zone so near the North Pole.

JULIA. And they were not rescued—not taken off?

FATHER. No! The unfortunates here ended their lives, and none of them knew in what place or corner of the earth their ashes rested. There were eleven men, who died one after another, without again seeing their friends. The last of them, even he whom our three friends had buried, was the captain himself, who had the sad but certainly not undeserved, fate to be obliged to survive all his crew, who had been rendered so unfortunate through his folly, and to bury them.

MARIA. How could he have managed with regard to the last corpse?

MOTHER. Who can decide?

FATHER. These unfortunate men spent five years here: the journal concluded with the account of the captain's own sickness. Probably he soon fell into a dangerous illness, and doubtless hunger, thirst, or want of care hastened the death of the unhappy man. Besides, the deceased, with the exception of his self-will, must have been a good, brave, and especially a pious man. Many expressions in his paper prove this, as well as that all had spent their days in great good feeling, and particularly in the greatest industry.

GUSTAVUS. That is well. I would do so in *such* a situation!

MOTHER. You are not under the necessity of waiting for such a fate, as you find opportunity everywhere to subdue your selfishness and be complaisant and affable.

MAX. I wish I had the papers. They contain certainly the best information respecting the state of the country.

FATHER. Yes, indeed. The captain himself was a very well-educated and informed man, who observed everything accurately, and had pointed out every peculiarity of the country in which he was compelled to live, for his own and

for the instruction of others, by which means he became extremely useful to our three friends, Ivan, Gregory, and the pilot. Nothing there was wanting with respect to the situation and condition of the country; not only the small plants growing there were carefully described, but also he accurately distinguished the place where they were to be found, and the time in which they were to be sought. They found, too, accounts of the beasts, and the best instructions how to master them. Every cave, and every fountain was marked out, and even a map of the district beautifully drawn lay among the papers. The man had employed his time excellently.

Still further! For any unfortunates who might after him be cast in this waste, desolate region, he had also set forth rules in respect to their health and subsistence.

MOTHER. Was there not a rule among these, that they should take rest at the proper time.

FATHER. Certainly.

MOTHER. For, dear father, you are not the first to set aside this rule. It is near midnight; to-morrow evening we can find ourselves again in Spitzbergen. Then we will examine everything accurately.

GUSTAVUS. I should be glad to do it now.

MOTHER. It is a good thing to have a recess. Good night.

Sixth Evening.

It is a very pleasant business for active and industrious children to place themselves, in their thoughts, in those situations in which they can show their industry, and use their activity. They imagine themselves in the situation of the person of whom they have heard or read, they arrange busily everything which seems to them needful, and they feel in their imagining, as happy and joyous as if they had really arranged, what they have only done so in their thoughts. It was precisely thus with the four children, in respect to the story thus far, of Ivan's and his friends' misfortunes. They knew not that these unfortunate people were in possession of many things to supply their wants, and now they made a comparison of them with Robinson Crusoe and Friday, as these latter, by means of the vessel which stranded near their shore, came into possession of almost everything which they had before needed.

Every one of the children advised, according

to his view and inclination, what appeared to him the most important and necessary. Max held to it that it would be best first of all to become accurately acquainted with the island, to examine it with the paper and the map, in order to discover the most remarkable things.—Gustavus maintained it to be more suitable to take a gun and sword, and by means of these first to secure for themselves quiet from the wild beasts, before they thought of anything else.—Maria was of the opinion, that they should enlarge the whole dwelling, and place themselves in such a situation, that they could at any time receive a visit without being put to the blush.—"All that is fine, and very well!" said Julia, "but I would first have taken care of the kitchen and cellar: first of all provide the means of living; the other would afterwards have been attended to." Gustavus soon came to her opinion, for the subject of food was one of the most important things in his view. Every one of the children, had his reasons by which he proved his opinion. They painted everything in such fair colors, that our friends could no more be regarded as unfortunate, and it almost seemed, as if they were themselves desirous of going to Spitzbergen. One sought to outvie the other in the enumeration of the advantages of this residence, and every one believed the three friends would be the most

happy if they followed *his* advice. The whole discussion was managed, and the contest connected therewith was carried on most pleasantly and kindly, as is the case always with children well-brought up.

Now the clock struck the hour in which their father was wont to go on with the story, and as he now entered the room, accompanied by their mother, he found the children in the most gladsome humor.

FATHER. Now then! You are right merry and happy!

MARIA. Yes, we have to-day special reasons for being so.

FATHER. And why to-day in particular? I thought you always had reasons for joy.

MARIA. We have been thinking how our friends at Spitzbergen had begun to be truly fortunate. So we have, according to our best knowledge, been setting in order their whole household affairs.

JULIA. And this makes us so merry.

FATHER. Very well. But I must tell you, your friends were anything but merry; on the contrary, they were so sad that they were cast down to despair as they never had been.

GUSTAVUS. But why was this?

MARIA. Probably they found fewer comforts than they had expected?

FATHER. No, that was not the matter, they found more than they looked for, a great many things which might be very useful to them. It was an entirely different thing which drove all their peace from their heart.

JULIA. I should like to know what it could be! You said, dear father, that they found more than they looked for.

FATHER. I hoped you would yourself discover it. The history of those eleven unfortunate Hollanders must naturally have had a very painful effect on the feelings of their hearts, and the quiet of their minds. The question would force itself on them, "Will it be better or otherwise with us than with those unfortunates? Shall not we, as well as they, be forsaken and forgotten by all the world, and be obliged to end our sorrowful days here?"

To this serious question the thought was added, "What might not that unfortunate man, whose corpse we buried, have undergone and suffered in his loneliness before friendly death freed him from his woes? Who of us will be the last? What sufferings shall we first have to endure? Who will give him a helping hand in sickness, and share with him in his last struggle of death?" You see, my dear children, these were questions which might make the stoutest heart to tremble.

Even the old pilot became disquieted; peace

fled from his heart, and that calm composure with which he had hitherto borne all his unexpected misfortune, vanished from his mind. Sadly sat the brave man, together with his sorrowful and downcast companions in calamity. None of them cast a look further on the paper; no one troubled himself further as to its contents. They looked with indifference on the newly-discovered supply of household stores, and with contempt on the hut and cavern. They called their friends happy who had perished in the waves, or on the wreck in the ice. They had escaped and now were over with their sufferings; they probably had a dreadful moment of dying, but it was only a moment, while to themselves, as it seemed, there yet remained years of suffering to be endured. Every prospect of deliverance had vanished, for they could not count on a miracle.

MARIA. But, dear father, they did wrong in this conduct.

MOTHER. And so much the more wrongly, as they must have known that persons had already begun to undertake longer voyages into the region of the North Pole. How easy it was for a ship to come hither.

FATHER. Very true, our friends did wrong: but they are excusable. You must take men only as they are, and not as they should be. Misfor-

tune and sorrow affect every one, and especially at the first moment. Man then sees nothing but his misfortune, and the picture of a sorrowful future banishes all hope, and drives all peace from his heart.

But soon the unfortunate collects himself again, and new hope springs up in his soul. Instead of distressful fear there enters enlivening confidence in the help of Almighty God, and the more innocent and the better a man is the sooner he recovers his courage. The pilot was the first to come out of his despondency. He had more experience in the world than both of his younger friends. A long course of years had taught him, that no misfortune is so great as fear makes the same appear to us in the first moment; he had in his varied life, full of danger, often enough experienced that God's compassion never leaves the unhappy wholly without means of aid, and that the man acts in the wisest manner, and provides for his peace, when he carefully notices the good left to him, and leaves its result, which lies not in his power, to the guidance of his Creator.

In the midst of his deep anguish, the pilot recollected the comforting words of the Bible, "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee." These beautiful, tranquillizing words a friend had once uttered to him as he stood beside the grave of his parents; and as he at that time had experienced

their consoling power, so they were not wanting now in their beneficial effect upon him. Inspirited by new courage he roused up.

"Friends!" he began, "it is not our fault that we are here in this barren spot of the earth; the prosecution of our business has brought us here. But we have sinned against God and ourselves, when we lost confidence in God, and allowed our spirits to sink. Up to the work! We must thus think of rendering our lot as tolerable as possible. We will labor; this is the surest means to conquer our disagreeable feelings."

"You are right," replied Gregory; "but what shall we do first?"

"We will search through the whole cavern. This is indeed in itself a business which will divert us, and certainly we shall discover many things which are of great value."

With these words the pilot took the lamp, and scarcely had he advanced a few steps before he cried out, "Did I not tell you we should find many useful things?"

MARIA. And what did he then discover?

FATHER. A large beautiful ship's lantern, which, although it had not been used for a long time, yet was in the best condition. "A beautiful article," said the old pilot, examining the lantern, "we will put it into a stand, and it will give us essential service!" Some handful of dried

moss and leaves, that they found in the cavern, cleaned and soon polished the lantern. The pilot's handkerchief furnished a wick, bear's fat supplied the place of oil; and in a few minutes the beautiful ship's lantern, clear as crystal, hung at the entrance, giving light to the hut and cavern.

"Our former inhabitants here must have been industrious and active men," said the pilot, looking around him; "they have labored and enlarged the place here finely." "And if I do not err," Ivan interrupted him, "there are some chests yonder, which probably contain many things that may be useful to us!" In fact they found three chests, which, furnished with padlocks, stood on a platform, and were soon opened by the aid of an axe.

MARIA. And what did they find in them?

FATHER. One of these chests must have belonged to the captain or some other voyager of consequence. They found a considerable store of fine shirts, linen cloth, and articles of dress.

GUSTAVUS. A valuable booty!

MARIA. But had they a right to take possession without anything further?

GUSTAVUS. Why, what a question! Was not our friend in need of them?

MARIA. Whether this, however, gave him a right, I do not know; nor whether Ivan and

his friends generally had the right to look on everything which they found there as their property.

FATHER. Here indeed they had a right. But not because they needed the articles—for otherwise any one who finds anything could retain it under such a pretence—but for other reasons. Max, what do you think they were?

MAX. I believe, they ought to consider themselves as the lawful possessors of the articles found, because they belonged to no one. If they remained here they were of no use to any one; and in time they would have been destroyed.

JULIA. It was here as in the case of the ship from which Robinson Crusoe took possession of everything he wanted. The ship was wrecked, no man was to be found on it, the next storm would have split it in pieces, and the things would have been lost.

FATHER. This view is correct. As for our friends there was no obligation further, than that if they ever came among other men, they should seek out the captain's heirs and repay the value of what they had found and used. From our friends' honest mode of thinking, it may be supposed that they did not think of doing otherwise.

Besides, they found many pieces of money, and solid gold, which as it was, in their present state of circumstances, utterly useless, they allowed

to lie untouched. For this reason, they were yet more rejoiced at the contents of another chest. There they found mathematical and other instruments, a number of books, and among these two, the sight of which filled the old pilot with the greatest delight. With tears of the most thankful joy, he pressed these books—a Russian bible, and a Russian hymn-book—to his heart. How they should have come into the captain's chest (as he was a Hollander) they could none of them conceive. But the good pilot saw in this a proof, that God would not forsake him, but by his word, would maintain confidence in his heart, and fix it deeper there.

MOTHER. And in this faith, the honest man was right. Here no one could say that blind chance governed events.

FATHER. The little business of unpacking the chests, which wore away some hours, had this advantage, that our friends were thereby diverted from their troubled thoughts, and became much more cheerful. Indeed, Gregory, whose more lively spirit a slight circumstance would immediately put into a joyful mood, brought his friend Ivan so far, that he with him, put on the Captain's uniform, and even the pilot himself was obliged to admit that it fitted, and became them both very well.

Besides these things, they found still another

chest, which was filled with tea and sugar, as also a little keg of tobacco.

JULIA. But, father, the owner must, in that case, have been a very good economist, to have left, after so many years, such a supply.

FATHER. Certainly. Besides, we may suppose that the stores brought, must have been very considerable, and several of the unfortunates may have died soon after their arrival. Further, the pilot found many cups, and cans, and kettles.

JULIA. Then a tea-drinking was not long wanting!

FATHER. So too thought the merry Gregory. A cup of tea, a darling drink with sailors, appeared to him too agreeable a thing, and he was not long in reminding his friends of it. There was wanting only one indispensable thing, namely, water. Gregory offered to go to the fountain, which, as you know, gushed out of the rock in the valley. So he hastened there, but he came back, quickly and completely troubled.

MAX. Now?—What was the matter once more?

FATHER. Gregory had scarcely opened the door of the hut, than he observed the most dreadful storm which he had ever known. The snow came down in thick masses; the trench which surrounded the hut, was already entirely

filled with snow heaps, and the snow continually fell in such immense quantities, that it seemed as if the whole valley would be covered, and the hut itself, with the inhabitants, would be buried under the mass. Fearfully howled the tempest over the valley, and the masses of snow were hurled, roaring and dashing together, from the neighboring rocks.

MAX. How came this frightful storm to burst out so all at once?

FATHER. It is commonly connected in those regions with the entrance of the half-year's night; and it was exactly on this day, that the sun for the first time in the year, did not rise above the horizon. That night had now begun, and it began the more gloomy, as the thick, and full snow clouds hindered the faint twilight of the heaven from being seen. In these circumstances, Gregory could not think of carrying into execution his plan; he had by his rashness exposed himself to the greatest danger of his life. Had he gone to that valley, how could be have found his way back again? The storm would have blown him off from the ridge of the mountain, or he would have pitched into an abyss, and been lost without any rescue. This consideration, however, frightened him less; but how must he have felt at the moment, when in the feeble twilight he saw, only a few steps off from him,

a monstrous black bear, which, roaring and growling, was making his way through the trench to the side on which the hut stood!

GUSTAVUS. He wished to find some tea, or perhaps, would invite some of his fellows to it. But did not Gregory boldly attack him?

FATHER. What! unarmed as he was? This would have been the utmost madness, and have placed his life evidently in the greatest danger. Who then could accuse him of cowardice, when he, already startled greatly by the frightful weather, was utterly discomposed by the appearance of the beast? His friends were not much less affrighted when with troubled countenance he returned back to the hut, and told of the unbidden guest. As usually was the case, the old pilot was the first to recover himself. "We cannot alter the weather," said he, "we must take that as it comes; as for Sir Shaggy-coat, the bear, we must set ourselves to work to put an end to him, if we do not wish to have more guests of the same sort." Without saying anything further, he took his gun standing in the hut, opened the door, and came out at the right moment to see how the bear had almost clambered up on the margin of the trench, and his body was already half over it. A single spring and the guest would have reached the door. Then the resolute pilot approached, fired, and the next moment the

beast, struck by the ball, sunk bleeding to the ground.

MAX. Was he dead?

FATHER. That the brave marksman could not know, and it would have been most unpardonable for him to have taken it for granted. In order to be certain in the matter, he drew out his long pocket knife, and cut the monster's throat as he now lay in the trench.

Besides this shot, the report of which rung through the open door of the hut, and penetrated even to the inmost portions of the cavern, gave occasion to an important discovery. Ivan, who was loading his gun, and stood at the entrance, heard how the report like a rolling peal of thunder, struck on the walls of the cavern, and for a considerable time reverberated, and then died away gradually at some distance. He justly concluded, therefore, that the cavern, before the entrance of which stood the hut, must run far under the rocky mountain. This view he imparted to his friends, who were naturally of the same opinion. From this opinion they drew another conclusion. It might be supposed that the former inhabitants, accurately acquainted with this cavern, had arranged and used it, and hence too it was to be expected that many things would be found here, by the possession of which the condition of our friends

would be considerably bettered. They therefore concluded to undertake a close investigation of the cavern, as, besides, the weather made every sort of business in the open air impossible.

"But once more!" said the pilot, "we must first bring in our prey into safety; otherwise there might be a guest to take charge of him!" So they all three of them went out to the trench, in which lay the bear covered up by the snow, without giving a sign of life. It cost them indeed much trouble to heave up the beast over the margin of the trench; but they worked with united strength, and finally accomplished it, and carried the bear into the hut, where they skinned him, and cut up the flesh. "Now," said the pilot, after they had ended this work, "our booty will last us for some weeks; and Heaven will further take care of us. We shall not die of hunger!"

GUSTAVUS. This man pleases me more and more on account of his courageous spirit.

MOTHER. And me still more, because he is constant in his feelings, so active, and yet joins to it so unbounded a confidence in God. It is a noble thing when a man so thinks and acts!

FATHER. And in this situation precisely, the poor men needed most this confidence in God.

After they were somewhat rested from the severe labor, they went about that other business, of which they promised themselves such great success—to search through the cavern. Every one of them took with him a burning lamp—they had found many articles of this kind, among the things left by the former inhabitants—his tinder-box, and an axe; for their guns they did not need in this business.

Like a large desolate church or hall, the cavern extended before them; high stout pillars, formed naturally from the rock, projected into the cavern, which bore up the roof of the broad vault, almost out of the reach of sight. The floor was smooth and covered with sand, and many footprints showed that the former inhabiitants must have been very busy in this cavern.

The rock itself consisted of the hardest granite, some places in it shone glittering, others were covered by a dark obscurity, and the shadows of our friends showed themselves in peculiar shapes and forms, on the bare stone of the walls. But what attracted the special notice of the explorers, was the sight of many remains of reindeer, which lay gathered up in a corner.

MARIA. Why! was this so very remarkable? These remains were certainly thrown there by the former inhabitants.

FATHER. True. But even this made the

matter worth their attention. The reindeer is the greatest blessing, for the inhabitants of those higher northern regions. It is used, as the horse is with us, for drawing burdens and for travel; its flesh is an extremely nutritious food, its milk yields butter and cheese, its hide and even its entrails are of use. All these things occurred especially to the pilot. He concluded, and very justly, that the former inhabitants must have had many of these beasts,—and now arose—Julia, what wish was it?

JULIA. To have a stable full of these, as tame animals.

FATHER. Good. This would have given many fine pieces of meat, many pans of milk, and many pieces of butter.

MARIA. And then these beasts would afford (what yet must be considered) much labor and work.

FATHER. Very well observed. In short, there were so many things, which the pilot recollected. But there was always wanting the principal thing, and this was?—

JULIA. The reindeer itself.

FATHER. Yet they at least had the advantage of being able to speak and hope about it, that they would, in time, come into the possession of some such useful beasts. They had still one hope further, and this is worth much for an

unfortunate person. He then becomes more cheerful, and goes with more lively industry to his work.

Our friends were now at the end of the cavern, where it showed no further way out of it; but Gregory observed a cleft, which run dark and obscure into the rock. Small stones lay at the entrance, and it seemed as if this hollow had never been entered, for the stones lay so wildly on each other, that they could only mount them with trouble. "We must know what there is here!" said Gregory, while he clambered up the stones, and both of the others followed him. The cellar went down steep, into which our friends were obliged to descend as into a mountain, some rolling stones became loose at every step, carried away with them a quantity of smaller stones; and with a dreadful noise rolled into the depth, made caution doubly necessary, especially as they did not know how deep the bottom, which run on at one side, might be. The prudent pilot recommended the greatest care. But they had only advanced a few steps, when all at once a new hollow showed itself; with the greatest caution they wound themselves under the overhanging parts of the rock, when suddenly Gregory going ahead made lse step, and Ivan in his desire to save his on a stone lying loose, went down

with it and pulled after him the pilot, to whom he reached out his hand, in order by his aid to gain a firm footing. At this moment there arose a dreadful crash. That loosened stone was the foundation of a large piece of rock; it tumbled after them, shut up the entrance of the hollow, and covered up our friends.

Seventh Evening.

THE children had not expected so lamentable a conclusion of the history of their friends.

"No!" said Gustavus, the next morning, "I had not thought of that. The most I was afraid of was, that the poor men in the cavern would have been thoroughly affrighted by finding a corpse, or perhaps might meet with a bear and her family, with which they came into a bloody fight.

JULIA. Or that some other adventure might have come upon them, which would have greatly tried their courage.

MARIA. I too, never once feared any such thing. I believed that they would make a remarkable discovery, perhaps find a cavern, like those we read of, which would be worth some exertion and pains.

JULIA. But that the poor men should be killed in such a way.—

MAX. That is not yet certain.

JULIA. I hope that they may yet come to see the daylight once more.

MAX. Certainly they will. Or whence could father know about their story? No one but they were present when they were searching into the cavern.

JULIA. You are right, dear Max. Do you not remember how father told us about Robinson Crusoe? How he was once so sick on the island, that he lost all sense, and yet was all at once cured and restored in mind?

MAX. Yes, I recollect it, and this makes me hope that we shall see our three friends again in good condition. But some days must pass before we know. Father rode away to-day, for several days.

GUSTAVUS. O what a loss to us? I should be so glad just now to know the end of this adventure.

Max had spoken correctly. Circumstances and business had rendered it necessary for their father to take this journey, which he set out upon the same day. But that during his absence, the children scarcely thought of anything else, or spoke of anything else, than their unfortunate friends, need scarcely be said. They dreamed the whole night of them, and in sympathy felt all the tortures of the unhappy men, because they took the liveliest interest in their

dreadful fate. "If only one of them had remained behind," said Maria, "then could he have taken means to rescue his friends."

GUSTAVUS. It must have been the old pilot, then.

JULIA. He would have met with difficulties.

MAX. To be sure he would. How could he remove the flat rock, where could he have got a tree, a ladder, or a rope?

GUSTAVUS. That, I do not indeed know, but the pilot would have set his wits to work for it. How did our neighbor do, when a year since, his house was on fire below him? He let himself down by his contrivance made of linen cloth.

MARIA. Yes, but where could the pilot get this?

GUSTAVUS. I think there were some lying in the Captain's chest.

MARIA. If the poor men who had tumbled down, only had a light!

GUSTAVUS. And something to keep them alive. But why do we puzzle our heads about the matter! Our father will take good care that the three poor men will come to light again.

Finally, after four long days, their father so much desired, came back. With pleasant greetings, the children hastened to meet him; they were the more confident as they could give him proof, that they had been obedient and industrious while he was gone.

With the greatest longing, they looked forward to the time, in which their father according to his custom took his seat with them, and by his stories, was used to shorten the long winter evenings. 'To-day, the children were even comparatively indifferent for a description of his journey, important as at other times even so little an event as such a journey was to them. The account of the three friends was more important to them than anything else.

The supper was taken, and at the usual place already stood their father's chair. Maria and Julia sat with their knitting, near their mother, while Max and Gustavus were occupied in covering their books. All were silent, and waited earnestly, for their father to begin his story. Finally the time appeared to the quick Gustavus, somewhat too long.

"We have very often thought of Spitzbergen," he began.

JULIA. And the three poor imprisoned men!

MARIA. I have dreamed of them, and in my dream have suffered with them their deathlike anguish.

MAX. We have also contended whether the poor men were saved, and how?

FATHER. And all this is to help me keep in mind of it? Is it not so, you wish the continuation of this story?

ALL. Oh yes, father, pray do tell us more!

That the father willingly yielded to the wish of his good children, no assurance can be needed. "Very well then, let us go on. We left our three friends in our story—"

GUSTAVUS. Thrown down, and shut up in the vault.

FATHER. True. Now we will go on, and relate further how it fared with them. The situation of these unfortunate men, was the most frightful which can be conceived. The perils which they had undergone in shipwreck, or the fight with the wild bears, was nothing in comparison to it. Surrounded by the veriest darkness of night, they lay in a swoon, resembling death. The pains which the pilot felt, and his bruised body, from his fall on the pointed and hard stones, brought him back to life, and convinced him that he was not dreaming. Now he recovered himself; he remembered the horrible occurrence, and called loudly the name of his friends. The echo of his voice sounded in the empty vault, but no human voice answered. He called yet once more,—all remained still as in the grave. The poor man heard nothing but the rolling out of a stone into the bottomless depth. "Almighty God!" prayed he, in this dreadful moment, "have pity on me, and my unfortunate friends! We cannot help ourselves!"

Then he heard, not far from himself, a groaning, and gasping, as if it was the last sigh of a dying man. He called out once more, but received no answer. His distress rose with every beating of his pulse, but his courage, his trust in God, did not wholly forsake him. With the greatest caution, he crept along on the rugged surface, over the sharp pointed stones, at every step feeling before him with his hands, and examining the dangerous bottom, on which he had carefully crept forth. Then all at once, his hand touched a fearful monster grown over with strong bristles and hair, which moved itself under his trembling hand.

JULIA. Why, father, how you frighten us! Do tell us what it could be.

FATHER. The old pilot—and you know that he did not belong to the fearful sort—was so greatly frightened, that he trembled, and the hair rose upon his head; a cold sweat of anguish stood on his brow, and some minutes passed before he could recover himself again.

MARIA. And now?—

FATHER. His courage returned again; yet once more he cautiously laid hold of the unknown monster, in order to know what it was. But think of the horror of the poor man, when he caught on the ice-cold hand of a dead man. Horrified he shrunk back, for the frightful thought

came upon him, that this monster had torn in pieces, and eaten up a man, and the hand merely, was left of the dreadful and horrible meal.

MARIA. Oh no! father, that is too horrible! We could almost wish—

GUSTAVUS. Father has not said it was so. It was not true, was it?

FATHER. Now his own death seemed certain, and this belief inspired him with courage, which a desperate man often feels when misfortune can go no further. With firm composure he seized upon it, and—

GUSTAVUS. Now?

FATHER. And seized upon Ivan's knapsack, which was made of a badger's skin.

GUSTAVUS. But how in the world came Ivan's knapsack there?

FATHER. In the most natural manner possible, as Ivan, by a fortunate accident, had taken with him his knapsack well furnished with provisions, when setting out on this exploring expedition. Ivan was still more stunned by the fall than the old pilot, who the moment that he stumbled on the companion of his misfortune, did not think of the knapsack. Now the young man was recovered; it was to him, as if he had awaked from a heavy dream, and could with [illegible]ollect his thoughts. The pilot's first

question was after Gregory, but Ivan knew nothing respecting him.

"If we only had a light!" said the pilot. "I have a tinder box," was Ivan's answer. "But what good will that do, as the lamp has fallen out of my hand?" Only give me the tinder box," answered the pilot, "I will strike a light, probably it will help us to see to find the lamp again."

The spark gave merely a momentary and a more blinding, than a brightened light; but it was still clear enough for the quick-sighted Ivan to notice the lamp lying close by him. It was a still more fortunate circumstance, that it was not broken, and that the bear's fat used instead of oil had not fallen out with the wick.

JULIA. Thank God! What could the poor creatures have done, caught there in that pitch-dark hole!

FATHER. Certainly, they must have all three miserably perished. Now they kindled the lamp; a great part of their terror left them, the hearts of the unfortunates became lighter, and new hopes rose up in their souls. They could now avoid many dangers, which they had not observed in the darkness.

MARIA. But, father, where then was Gregory?

FATHER. There was no trace to be discovered

of this unfortunate man, and in vain Ivan called out his name. To seek for him, both of them went down by the glimmer of the lamp, burning more obscurely in the heavy air, and finally found the missing one, stunned by affright and his fall, sitting with a bloody face behind a piece of rock. With a loud cry of joy, but also of horror, Ivan caught hold of his unfortunate friend, who could not for a long time recover himself. The care of the pilot, who washed the wounded man's face with the contents of the bottle of brandy, finally brought him back to life. He had heard nothing of the conversation of his two friends, and even the kindling of the lamp had not been noticed by him, so much had he been stunned by the hard fall. Now he came to himself.

JULIA. But the two others, I suppose, reproached him severely? He had at least deserved it.

FATHER. Yes, he had indeed. But of what use would this have been?

MOTHER. And would you have reproached him in that dreadful condition? Gregory was, it is true, to blame for this misfortune; but had he done it with the purpose of making himself and his friends so unhappy? The joy of finding him again would not allow of reproaches.

FATHER. Very true. In such times, a man easily forgets and forgives. Now when Gregory

was fully restored, they immediately thought of what was the most necessary of all—to find a way out of the hole. All three of them were rejoiced that not one of them had received any peculiar injury; for the little punishment which Gregory had met with, a bruise on his forehead, and a slight bleeding at the nose, did not amount to much, and might also be a warning to him for the future. Instead of any reproaches which would here have been useless, they therefore only thought of deliverance, heartily glad that not one of them had broken an arm or a leg. What would they have done in the case of such a misfortune? Now they looked on their frightful abode in its full terrors. Think of a rugged, rocky declivity covered with loose rolling stones, and separated from an abyss, the depth of which could not be measured by the feeble glimmer of the light; think of all this, being surrounded by the thickest, blackest darkness, in which the three poor wanderers, helplessly sought deliverance from the dangers of this place, of which they had not the slightest knowledge, and you have a picture of the situation of our unfortunate friends. The first things which they now did, was to mount up again on the height in order to make an effort to raise up the flat stone which shut up the entrance of the hole: but this was labor in vain. The ground on which they stood,

was too loose, they could not plant so firm a footstep on the stones lying loose, as was required in order to lift up such a load.

Now when all their attempts were useless their distress rose to the highest degree: they saw a certain death before them. The heavy air of the vault, and its mouldy smell, rendered it hard for them to breathe, and increased their death-like anguish. No one spoke a word. But once more they tried to lift that piece of rock weighing many hundred weight. It was all in vain!

"We cannot stir the stone from its place," said the pilot, with a distressed and broken voice. "If we find no other way out, this hole must be our grave." Neither Ivan nor Gregory replied. Both were the more in doubt of their deliverance as they observed the pilot's trouble, and from long acquaintance with him they knew, that when he despaired, every one else must lose his courage.

GUSTAVUS. But the brave pilot will become restored to himself again?

FATHER. That this was the case, you may expect from such a tried man; but that his spirit must have been heavy, a single glance at the horrors which might be seen, clearly showed.

"But," continued the good pilot, "we will not allow our courage wholly to fail; let us go on and do what lies in our power. God, who sees

us, will help us. If we can only find a trace that this dreadful hole was well known to our predecessors, then must we somewhere be able to find our way out."

MARIA. Was he right in the matter?

FATHER. Strictly speaking, he was not. Some person might have happened here and have perished without finding a way out. The pilot also was, probably, himself not fully convinced, and he said it only in order to keep up in the hearts of his friends, hope and presence of mind, or he wished to render them the more observing of everything.

By a fortunate accident the pilot also found his lamp again. So that they had two lights burning, the flame of which was kept up by the bear's grease taken by Ivan. "And now let us go forward in God's name," said the pilot; upon which all three of them slowly and carefully went forward on the rough slope beneath the frightful overhanging cliffs.

They might have gone on some hundred paces in this way, sometimes with more and sometimes with less danger, when they noticed that the bottom or floor changed to a smooth even surface, and that instead of the deep subterranean abyss, rocks and cliffs showed themselves, which were formed on both sides into wondrous shapes. The bottom was sandy, and in this sand could clearly be seen the prints of human footsteps.

The observing pilot first noticed this. A treasure of millions of money would not have caused him so much joy as here did the print of a man's footstep in the sand. All three of them felt the value of this new hope, and with brighter hearts they proceeded into the passage, which led directly through the rocks, when all at once they heard the rippling of water dropping down, and at the same time felt a hardly perceptible draught of air on their faces.

GUSTAVUS. Was this then of any consequence?

FATHER. It was everything in the situation in which the poor men were placed. Already the fact that, instead of the heavy damp air of the vault, which only increased their pain, an enlivening fresh air blew on them, was of great value to them; but still more the hope which it raised in them that here they would find a way out, must have been most quickening to the poor men. They went on more composedly in the path, and to their inexpressible joy the footprints became more and more easily to be recognized and plainer. Then they came all at once to a spring of water clear as crystal, which fell plashing over the margin of the basin, and lost itself in a fissure in the rock. "Thanks to thee, Almighty, for this blessing," cried out the pilot. "We have now indeed found what was the most needful of all to us, fresh spring water!" In full

draughts the thirsty wanderers refreshed themselves with the precious drink; they felt themselves pervaded by a new power, and the way out of this hole became the more certain to them, as they clearly saw, that the hand of man had dammed in the spring with stones and moss, and had cut out for the water which ran over a channel in the rocky bottom. Thus they proceeded on their way revived, and all at once they came up to a coarsely wrought-out wooden door. It appeared to be fast bolted, and it was with the greatest exertion only that they succeeded in opening it. A high heap of sand which lay on the opposite side before the door had rendered the opening of it so difficult. But how astonished were our friends!

GUSTAVUS. Did they see another gray-headed man who put them in such terror?

FATHER. No! their astonishment was of a more joyful kind. The place in which they found themselves had a well-known look to them. They must already have been here, and finally—who can portray their delight!—they recognized that they were in one of the divisions of their hut, at first hastily examined. Tears of joy burst from their eyes; they fell into each other's arms, and felicitated each other in seeing themselves thus rescued. Their safety appeared to them like a

miracle, and they could only ascribe it to the compassion of God.

MOTHER. And justly too. Without God's extraordinary protection their recovery would have been impossible. You, my dear children, in your riper years will find many speaking proofs of this divine favor.

FATHER. No man felt this more than our good pilot. He stood there with clasped hands, and tears of the most thankful joy. "It seems to me like a frightful dream to have been so near to the grave," said he. "I have often in storms and sea-fights looked death in the face; but I have never felt the anguish which I have experienced there under the earth."

MARIA. How, dear father? Would not then his distress be greater in a storm or in a sea-fight when a man looks death full in the face?

FATHER. Probably these dangers appeared the more unimportant to the pilot, the more familiar and acquainted he was with them. Probably, too, on this account, because in a storm or in an engagement by sea he had so much occupation and labor that he had not time to think of the danger. Here in the cavern it was wholly different. The perfect stillness of death, which reigned all around, the distress of his two companions, the thick darkness which covered everything, the entire ignorance of the dangers which

were here found, and which were magnified by fear, the complete want of means of help for his deliverance, and, too, the heavy air—all these must have contributed to raise his anguish to an intolerable degree.

In his thankful joy the pilot brought out the hymn-book and Bible, which, as you know, he found in the chest of the Dutch captain.

"Friends!" said he to Ivan and Gregory, "you are both young persons, who have experienced as yet few sufferings and trials; you have been educated and have grown up rather in comfort and superfluity. I have borne more and lived longer than you have, and my experience has taught me that a person can only with a pious heart be composed and comforted in any misfortune. We have been nigh a horrible death; God has saved us. Let us not belong to the class of the unthankful, who forget his blessings."

MARIA. That was not to be feared from Ivan and Gregory?

FATHER. No, certainly. Their parents were pious and upright persons, who had educated their children to every good work, and could not have failed in giving them warnings and examples. So it was very natural that Ivan and Gregory too, notwithstanding his levity of character, should have been thoroughly imbued with the best principles. They, therefore, received with joy the proposition

of the pilot, that this day every week should be set apart as their Sunday, by laying aside all work in it, and they should engage in some mode of worshipping God. They were on this day to sing one or two of the most enlivening hymns, read some of the most beautiful chapters of the Bible, and always with thankful hearts call to remembrance their wondrous preservation.

MARIA. And did they really do this?

FATHER. Certainly! How could we expect any else from so thankful good men? Besides, the storm and the tempestuous weather continually raged without. In the cavern itself, they had perceived nothing of it; but so much did they the more in the hut, which had become somewhat decayed, and the walls of which could not keep out the cold draught of the air. Ivan opened the single window. The wind howled fearfully, immense masses of snow fell and threatened to cover over the whole valley: impenetrable darkness encompassed everything. Affrighted the young man came down—"Why should we not go," said he, "into one of the caverns? There we shall find shelter from the storm and weather. Here no one can stay in the cutting blast of air!" All three of them went into the cavern, after they had bolted the door of the hut—"And why should we not do now, what we before intended?" said Gregory,

interrupting the silence of his companions. "I think that a cup of tea would excellently refresh us." With these words he caught up a lamp, went to the cavern, and soon brought a kettle of the most beautifully clear water, while Ivan took charge of the fire. Satisfied and cheerful, they sat with their burning pipes around the smoking teapot, a comfort which was this day the more grateful to them, as, since their arrival at Spitzbergen, they had enjoyed no warm drink. Especially the good old pilot felt the deepest joy, respecting the discovery of that spring, and certainly it was for the unfortunate, a treasure of inestimable value. For whence during the long winter could they get water? They could not reach the spring which lay on the other side of the rock in the valley; and if this also were the case, they would have found but ice. Nothing else remained to them than to help themselves to water from melted snow. Therefore they must the more thankfully have acknowledged the blessing. When the tea was drunk the pilot said, "I am not yet tired: the recollection of the distress we have undergone, may well indeed have driven off slumber. I am therefore of the opinion, that we cannot better employ our time, than by undertaking a search through the house, and examine all the caverns which are connected with it."

Ivan and Gregory also were yet too much excited by the events of the day, and so readily agreed to the proposal of their older friend. Refreshed and cheered up by the enjoyment of the tea, they took their lamps and went earnestly to work. In the hut itself they sought nothing further, although they had likewise observed over it under the roof-tree a boarded ceiling.

MARIA. Did they make any new discoveries?

FATHER. Gregory noticed in a cleft of the rock a ladder. "This must be useful for something," said he considering it, and in a moment Ivan pointed out to his friends a darker place almost up as high as the roof of the cavern. "We must examine that more closely!" cried he, "it seems to be an entrance!" The ladder was brought and placed, but it reached scarcely half-way up. Wherefore our friends had such expectations of this newly-discovered entrance, they themselves knew not. So much the more painful was it to them, to see themselves disappointed in this hope. In vain they searched over the rocky wall, whether there was not a projection, or hollow to be found, by means of which they could reach up to the height required. But the wall was rough and smooth; as to the possibility of climbing up, it was not to be thought of.

They had spent many hours in this business, when fatigue compelled them to seek their place of rest. They threw themselves down on their blankets near the bright warm flame of a burning fire, but no beneficial slumber closed their eyes. A succession of troubled thoughts came before their minds, and rendered all their attempts to give them up to sleep fruitless. One was evermore disturbing the other. The fearfully severe winter, the night continuing so long, the diminution of their scanty supply of food, the loss of which they believed they would not be able to replace, and even the want of wood to burn, and the idea of the great, almost insuperable difficulties, of gathering new stores of it through hollows of the rocks, covered with snow—all these things disquieted them, this day more than usual. To this was added the recollection of the sorrowful fate of the unhappy Hollander, the thought of possible sickness, and the pitiable lot of him, who should have the misfortune to be the last of their nnmber. Sadly they lay there; no one spake; every one felt only the frightfulness of his situation. The hours of severer trial appeared to be about beginning.

MARIA. Now had they not been tried enough already?

FATHER. No, their sufferings were to rise far higher. You have already pitied our friends;

but I foresee that you will discover them to be yet more wretched and unfortunate; for they really continually became so.

As long as the storm lasted—and it was for many days—they hardly ventured into the hut, because they feared it would be driven in by the heavy gusts of wind. Finally the storm ceased, the air was pure and clear; but now also the cold rose to a fearful height. In their cavern they indeed felt little of it; but now came want, their fire-wood continually grew less, and also their supply of food, which consisted merely of bear's flesh, was consumed, and nothing remained to them, except tea and spring-water. What should they begin to do?—The answer to the question was not indeed difficult, for no one of them was in doubt that above all things they must provide new supplies—but could they reckon on any sure success to their efforts?—Our brave friends, however, did not despond, and put a firm hand to the work.

It was a clear night, but cold beyond conception—although it was now the day-time for them—when they, warmly clothed and well armed, left their cavern. The moon, the twinkling stars, and a bright northern light illuminated their way over the crackling snow; the air was so cold and piercing, that they could scarcely breathe; the frost hung on their hair and the

rough clothes of the wanderers. The whole region was desolate and silent, no living creature showed itself, and the dark rocks rose up in frightful shapes, above the covering of snow, when our friends at the hazard of life mounted over the cliffs smooth as glass, and descended into the valley, where lay the trees beside the basin covered with ice, which was to furnish them with fuel. With incredible labor they cut up some of them which were almost as hard as iron from the frost, into pieces, and with still more toil they dragged them over and across the rocks. More than once they sank down powerless, and only the dread of freezing, in the bitter cold, could have moved them to exert their last strength to reach with their store to their dwelling. Finally however, after the most excessive efforts, and wholly exhausted, they came with their burden to the last hollow of the rocks, from which they could see the hut. But what was their horror—when they perceived that their bridge across the trench was broken down and gone! This sight quickened their steps, and in a few minutes, spite of their exhaustion, they were close up to the hut. Carefully they approached the trench, in which the snow had sunk very deep. There they saw the cause of the appearance which had so unexpectedly thrown them into affright. There had been a visit made

to them in their absence—but a visit of not a very joyful kind. A huge bear which probably had wished to go over the board, and had tumbled down with it, stood straight up in the trench, and was trying vainly, to climb up its smooth edge.

GUSTAVUS. Then they had all at once an excellent roast for their kitchen!

FATHER. It was not this time so easily obtained. Our friends were stiff with the cold, and almost wholly exhausted by their extreme exertion. The animal aroused by his fruitless efforts to climb up from the trench, became far more raging when he saw the men. His eyes shone like firebrands; growling and grating his teeth, he rolled about in the snow. For a time, the friends stood undetermined on the margin of the trench, and consulted what was to be done. Finally, the old pilot cried out resolutely, "Here is no time for long reflection! The beast must die!" With these words, he fired off his gun, and shot the bear in the head.

But the ball had merely grazed the animal; he became the more and more furious, and they justly feared lest rage should give him strength enough to reach the margin, and then he might easily do some injury to one of our friends.

"Wait, I will hit him better!" said Ivan, who was more practised in shooting. His shot, indeed,

struck more surely, and the bear sunk growling back. "Now will I give you the finishing stroke!" said Gregory, and sprang, in spite of all warnings, into the pit. Then the bear reared himself up again, placed himself on his hind paws, and grasped hold of Gregory. Scarcely had Ivan noticed this, than without stopping to load, he sprang into the trench to the help of his friend, and run his bayonet deep into the enemy's body. The two friends now soon mastered the animal, and killed him, but all three were too much exhausted now, to bring their prey into the hut. Hardly had they strength enough to lay again the plank of which the bridge consisted across the trench, and it was not till after some hours of rest, that they returned back to their game, which had become stiff with the cold. They brought the bear into the hut, where they cut it up, and thankfully beheld their newly acquired stores.

"When we again go out to procure supplies," said the pilot, "it will be necessary that one of us should remain at home, to draw up the bridge, and take care in the meantime, that those coming back, shall find a warm dinner." The propriety of this proposal was so evident, that Ivan and Gregory at once agreed to it. Both were determined to volunteer to undertake the more difficult expedition, while on the other hand, the old

pilot in their absence, should take care of the household affairs and cooking. With grateful acknowledgments, he consented, as in his advanced age, his strength gradually declined for the undertaking of going out for wood and supplies. "But once for all," added the pilot, "you must not wait till the last moment for procuring our supplies. The more stores we have, the better." This advice, too, was approved of. Ivan and Gregory still more valued the experienced man, the more they became acquainted with his friendly heart, and how wise his opinions were.

Thus it was, that both of them, after they had eaten and rested, set out anew to procure supplies. Armed as usual, and each of them furnished with a stout piece of roasted bear's meat, they left the hut, accompanied by the admonition of their older friend to avoid every unnecessary danger. The pilot drew up the bridge after them, bolted the door of the hut, and was now alone. It had for a long time been his wish to be alone for some hours.

MARIA. Why did he desire this?

FATHER. He felt himself unhappy, and did not wish to show this state of his feeling, so as not to trouble his friends. He was sad, and the saddened man often gladly longs for a time, when he can indulge his troubled thoughts un-

disturbed; it is then frequently easier for him to collect his thoughts, and look up the necessary aids. Thus it was with our good pilot. He took his Bible and hymn-book, in order to draw comfort from that source, in which never yet an unfortunate man has sought it in vain—from God's word. Like a crust of ice before the warm breath of the sun, melted away the grief of his heart; his spirit was lightened, his trust in God's fatherly love increased, and with every tear which he wept, he felt how rest and peace returned to his soul. "Your heavenly Father knows what you need." These words met his eye. "Yes!" cried he aloud, "O God, thou knowest what we need; thou wilt help us, and give what is needful to us."

MOTHER. A noble and powerful faith!

FATHER. Solitude is beneficial to a man, when he understands how to use it. This did the pious pilot. He now felt himself prepared for labor, and hastened to use the hours of his friends' absence as well as possible. First he took care about the cooking, and soon a stout piece of bear's flesh stood in fresh spring water, in a kettle over the fire.

While the cooking was going on, it occurred to the pilot, that no one had examined the ceiling over the hut. By the help of the ladder he mounted up there: the trap-door in the ceil-

ing was soon opened, and there he found a great heap of dry moss, a considerable quantity of spoon-wort, and many well-prepared bear's and reindeer's skins.

GUSTAVUS. That store could not be of any special value.

FATHER. Do you think so? The old pilot thought wholly different; the skins and the moss furnished a warm and soft bed. "Grand!" he cried out, "my friends will rejoice, when they find better beds!"

JULIA. On the bear-skin? Now if they only were not obliged to lie on the dirty bear-skin!

MOTHER. To what want and hunger might not well bring them.

FATHER. And his desire was for work. The beds were prepared. A heap of moss—for the pilot had brought the whole supply into the cavern—formed the bed, a soft skin of a reindeer supplied the place of a sheet, and a stout bear's skin that of a bed-quilt. With inward satisfaction, and pleased looks, the pilot beheld the beds which he had prepared for his friends, and thought of the joy which they would feel on account of it, when the kettle with the bear's flesh began to boil. "Ah, now if we had only potatoes, peas or beans!" sighed he, with a sort of despondency.

"But am I not a fool!" cried he, on further thought, "I have such a beautiful vegetable!"

MARIA. Vegetable! Where then could he get it?

FATHER. The pilot remembered to have heard that the inhabitants of Greenland and Nova Zembla dry the spoon-wort, and after some time cook it. Immediately now he took the boiling kettle from the fire, and threw into the broth of bear's flesh a good parcel of spoon-wort, taken from the floor and washed in fresh water. Soon the faded leaves swelled up, took a green, lively color, and diffused a smell, which was not unlike boiled sour crout. The pilot tried his dish, and found that it tasted finely.

With what longing he now awaited the return of his friends. He was almost displeased that his guests were not in at the moment, and became the more so, the longer they stayed. But he did not spend his time in useless expressions of regret, for he knew how to employ it still better. Many little matters were yet to be taken care of; for example, splitting up of the wood which they had lately brought in, a labor which occupied several hours. But when he had finished this, the two friends were not yet returned. Finally after sixteen hours' waiting in vain, the pilot became uneasy. He felt heavy-hearted, lest the young men might have lost their path, and that they in a helpless state could not find their way back, but were wandering about

perhaps almost frozen, or had met with some injury of another kind.

His disquiet increased every moment, and became more torturing and dreadful. The idea of living alone in this solitude, stiffened with frost and cold, and terminating his last days without a friend, was terrible to him. Had he often before been discontented with his situation, now the time when he had his friends around him, appeared to him a happy one in comparison of that which was coming. Every few moments he walked out in front of the hut and listened, whether he could hear any steps in the distance. He called aloud the names of his friends—but no answer followed; all remained still and desolate. In the greatest anxiety he gathered together a heap of dry wood, and at the risk of his life mounted a rock, and kindled here a clear burning fire.

JULIA. What was that for?

FATHER. It might be possible, that his two friends had wandered off, and could not find their way again; so a fire shining off at a distance, was the best lighthouse towards which the wanderers could direct their steps.

For nearly twelve long hours, the good old pilot had been waiting in vain, calling, and keeping up the fire. Then his distress reached to the highest point. He reproached himself most bit-

terly, for having accepted their proposal that he should remain at home. He knew that his absent friends were indeed excellent men deserving his affection, but also, they fell into the faults of youthful rashness and indiscretion. With lacerated hands, and despairing, he went back and forth, sometimes into the cavern and sometimes on the rock, regarding neither cold nor danger. "Almighty God," he cried, "where are the poor men? Shall I pitiably sorrow away my last days here in this desolate wild?"—Then he wished to hasten towards them, to search them out, and only the anxiety lest he might miss them kept him back. Finally, after eight-and-forty hours, he climbed up, worn down and half-frozen, once more on the rock, to kindle up the extinguishing flame anew.—Then he heard at a distance—

MOTHER. Not surely, what *we* hear—the clock striking eleven.

FATHER. How? is it really already so late?

MOTHER. Yes! And to-morrow we will hear more accurately, what it was the pilot heard at a distance. Are you satisfied with this?

GUSTAVUS. Now—Yes—But I should be glad to know what the pilot heard.

MOTHER. It will be equally pleasant to-morrow.

Eighth Evening.

How great was the sympathy which the children felt in the fates of the unfortunate men in Spitzbergen, must be evident to you, my young friends, from all that you have hitherto read about them. This sympathy increased the further the story proceeded, and particularly the conclusion of yesterday evening must have made them the more eager to learn the result of this dangerous and adventurous expedition. They could the more vividly imagine to themselves the condition of the old pilot, so worthy of pity, and the yet more sad fate of the two who were wandering about, when exactly at this very time the cold of winter had risen to an unusual height. Scarcely did they dare to go out of their own sheltered dwelling, or leave their warm room; and there were many examples of luckless travellers who were half-frozen, or even frozen to death, on their way.

"How nice it is, that we can sit in a warm

room!" said Julia, when some laborers with frosty hair and blue frozen visages, passed under the windows over the creaking snow.

MOTHER. Thank God for this blessing! many poor children must be without it, and many a poor traveller is compelled by his business to be now on his way.

GUSTAVUS. How would it be now if we could look at Spitzbergen?

MARIA. What could the two unfortunate wanderers do, who could never find a warm room?

JULIA. I am very much in fear for them. If they were to perish in the dreadful cold!

MARIA. And the poor pilot were to find only their dead bodies!

JULIA. I have indeed imagined to myself the very worst. You know well, how father said we should have to pity the poor men still more?

GUSTAVUS. Well, I do not yet fear the worst. A man can bear much, and I hope we may see our friends again.

MAX. The question will soon be decided. Our father is coming.

FATHER (*entering*). What will soon be decided?

ALL. What had become of Ivan and Gregory; whether they were so happy as again to find their way back.

FATHER. And for that I am come.—In spite of the ever-increasing cold, we will take our way towards Spitzbergen. We yesterday evening left the brave pilot, sometimes keeping up the shining fire on his rock, sometimes walking back and forth uneasily, in and before the hut, and anxiously waiting for his friends. Now at this moment, he had, at the risk of his life, mounted the rock; the air was pure and clear, the stars twinkled, the moon shone clear and bright, and the snow-covered vale, lay all white before him. Then he heard in the desolate silence on the crackling snow, the footsteps of some one going forward slowly. He soon perceived how these bent round the wall of rock, and recognized them as the two missing ones. He cried out; but he received no answer. Already this frightened him; yet he was more disquieted by their slow, creeping progress. He hastened to meet them; but, in what a state he found the unfortunates! Both of them had contended for eight-and-forty hours long, with the most dreadful cold, without having had the comfort of a warm fire. They had really lost themselves, had taken an entirely different direction, and they would never have returned, had they not observed the flame kindled on the rock. Now they came forward; but scarcely could they raise an arm, and it was with extreme effort, they kept themselves on their

feet, their faces and hands were swollen with cold; already they could not speak any more, and they sank down before the hut.

JULIA. How pleasant and good to them, must have been the warm fire in the cave!

FATHER. This would have been precisely their misfortune; they would have been obliged to repent of this imprudence, with the loss of most of their limbs. The pilot managed more wisely. Close to the hut, lay snow many feet deep. With incredible labor, he raised the hard frozen top crust, undressed his friends, who were unconscious and wholly involuntary, and buried them up in the snow. Here he let them lie almost half an hour. Then the poor men felt as if new life ran though their limbs, consciousness returned, and they again recovered their speech. "Lie there only a few minutes more," said the pilot, who went into the cave, laid their dry clothing ready, set the tea on the fire, and then returned back with a woollen blanket. He first took Ivan out of his snow bath, led him into the cavern, dried him, clothed him with clean linen, and laid him in the newly-prepared bed. In a few minutes, Gregory was treated in the same way: both felt themselves more strengthened and enlivened, the longer they had both been deprived of it. Soon all three of them sank into a sound sleep, which lasted several hours, and this beneficial

rest soon restored again their strength to the invalids. But now the pilot reproached them for their rashness.

GUSTAVUS. This they had not properly deserved. They had acted with the best design.

FATHER. This could not excuse them. Ivan and Gregory were to blame for exposing themselves to dangers, for which they were not suited, and that they had ventured into regions which were wholly unknown to them. But I ought first to assure you, that these rebukes were spoken in the mild tone of a father, and were received with modesty and docility. "But where then have you been?" asked the good pilot. "According to your description you have come from the opposite side." Both of them told him, that they had noticed at a distance a herd of animals of the deer kind, such as they had never before seen; on closer consideration they were convinced that they were reindeer, but they had not been able to get up near enough to shoot one of them. In the heat of their pursuit, they had lost their course, and had only been guided again to the right direction by the fire burning on the top of the rock.

"Reindeer?" said the pilot. "These animals are not wont to go but rarely far from their place of rest. Their food, the small moss, which they scratch out from under the snow, they find all

around. They, therefore, must have their bed in some near inaccessible cavern of this region." Ivan assured him, that where they had seen the animals, there was a ridge of frightful rocks. "There then is their bed, we will soon go there to search for them. But we will all three of us go: I will not let you go alone again!"

The pilot related to his two friends that in their absence he had made many new discoveries.

MARIA. Ha, ha! the new dish of spoon-wort!

FATHER. An important discovery for our friends. He told them how he had found, on the upper floor of the hut, the store of dry moss, and the skins, from which he had prepared the beautiful soft beds on which they lay. "But," he added, "I have made a very sad discovery."

GUSTAVUS. And what was this?

FATHER. He had examined the supply of powder, and found that only six round of cartridges with balls, and hardly two charges of powder, remained. He knew that his friends had yet less, and this discovery must naturally have made him very sorrowful. For if their supply of powder failed, their beautiful fire-arms were worth no more than a stout, strong cudgel. What should they defend themselves with? With what kill the animals necessary for their subsistence? This necessity must put them in the greatest

trouble. Ivan and Gregory also examined their supply of powder, and found that it was still smaller. Thus they saw themselves necessitated to think of some other means, and provide some new weapons. "Give me your supply of powder and ball," said the pilot, "we must carefully preserve it against the greatest need. The guns we will polish up nicely and lay them aside; they are now of no use to us." Necessity is the mother of invention. The truth of this proverb proved itself most clearly in the case of our friends. You remember that on their arrival in the cavern they found many articles of tools, the value of which they now knew for the first time. Every piece of iron was carefully examined, each by itself, and properly considered, and set apart for some possible use. A hard stone served for an anvil; with hammer and tongs, which they had found, the bayonets were wrought over and fastened to stout poles. Thus they had a lance, with which a person in case of necessity could pierce the body of a bear. The pilot, who in his former voyages had seen many Northern nations, recollected their bows and arrows, The best wood for the purpose was sought for, the bow cut out, and the arrows made, but, alas, there was wanting the rest of it, the string, which was to despatch the arrow on its swift way.

JULIA. You know how Robinson Crusoe

managed to help himself in such a case of necessity? He took the fibres of some plants like flax and twisted them into a cord.

MAX. The only difficulty here was that these did not grow in Spitzbergen.

FATHER. No, they did not. These plants grow only in warm regions. But it almost always happens that a man finds out something to help himself, when he uses his reason aright. The entrails of the last bear they had killed, lay like lumps of ice frozen together in the trench before the hut. The pilot seized hold of them, thawed them with hot water, cleansed them, and by means of some wooden pins they twisted them into a firm strong cord. The experiment succeeded beyond all their expectation, in using this cord as a bow-string. For arrows they chose out the hardest wood; and our friends soon managed so well in the working of iron, that they provided themselves with many of them headed with little sharp iron points. Instead of feathers, they took finally split wood, and this kind of weapon at last became so perfect, that the three archers could shoot through a board at a moderate distance.

Thus they were now provided for this want, but soon another pressed on them, which was as important. And this was the entire want of salt, which they needed indispensably for the

fat hard bear's flesh. Until now they had used gunpowder for this purpose; but henceforth they must use it most sparingly.

MAX. Had no one then been able to find anything like salt?

FATHER. Not only something resembling salt but salt itself, if the season of the year had only been favorable. On the shore of the sea there is often water thrown on the land in a storm, and which remains. In the air, and by the heat of the sun, the water evaporates, leaving behind its saline (or salt) particles. Still more are these found in the clefts or hollows of the rocks. But how should our poor friends find this salt on the ground covered with snow a yard thick, especially in the night? The old pilot well knew this; but the insuperable difficulties were too clearly before his mind, for him even to make the attempt. It was, therefore, a fortunate circumstance that the spoon-wort was found, the sour taste of which, in some degree, made up for the want of salt. It was extremely necessary for health, and prevented many diseases which otherwise must have existed. Their daily exercise and industry in their toil, and the fine, pure spring-water contributed also to keep the three friends in sound health, although they had to contend with more than common difficulties.

Severe as thus far had been the cold in the

months of January and February, it reached a height of which we can scarcely have any idea, and thus the wretchedness of these three brave men rose to the highest pitch. Hardly could the unfortunates, who certainly were not effeminate, remain in the open air long enough to bring the wood they needed, although this now lay only about a thousand feet from them. Of further excursions to search for the means of living, they could hardly think, even in the warm bear-skins in which they were clothed.

MARIA. But what were they to do when their supplies in the meat chamber gave out?

FATHER. They would, in the true sense of the word, have been starved, if Providence, which never leaves men wholly helpless, had not taken care for them in an extraordinary way. In the valley in which lay the hut, there were often visitors.

GUSTAVUS. Certainly, bears.

FATHER. Yes. These guests—whether they were driven here by the weather from unknown parts, or were attracted by the greater warmth of the valley—caused our friends many a fright when the growling and roaring of these animals before the hut waked them out of their sleep, or broke in on their labor.

MARIA. But if now they should press into the hut?—

FATHER. This could not be done so easily, as the trench was too broad and deep, its slope was too smooth, and the bridge was drawn off on the inside. Commonly the bears fell into the trench, and then our friends immediately hastened thither armed with long, sharp spears, and in this way killed many, without using a single charge of powder.

Until now all three, wretchedly as they were obliged to live, had enjoyed firm health and apparently such as would continue unimpaired; but now they underwent one of the hardest of their trials—their beautiful bond of friendship must be broken. The good old pilot, who was much the eldest of them, was suddenly taken sick. His great age, and his excessive exertions, his really miserable means of food, his fruitless longing to see again his wife and children, with his anxiety for the future—all these together had operated very injuriously on his health. Sick and near to death he lay there, unable to undertake even the least business. You may imagine the feelings of his two friends, as they looked at the deathly-pale face of the sick man, listened to his painful breathing, and yet could not help him! With wounded hands, with hearts ready to burst, with tears in their eyes, they stood at the bedside of anguish of the man so dear to them, who was more than a friend, and indeed was a father to them. The

best of children could not more feelingly minister all the relief they could to their sick father, or take more anxious care of him, than Ivan and Gregory now did to him. They sat beside the bedside of the good man, who was continually growing weaker, read to him from the Bible and the hymn-book the choicest passages, attended to every wish which the sufferer expressed with unwearied readiness, felt no fatigue, no hunger, no thirst, and would gladly have borne for him his pains, if they could thus have restored him to breath and life; but it seemed as though Providence was bringing the worst suffering on the two young men—their prayer must be in vain.

Ivan, who had watched many hours beside the bed of his friend, overcome with exhaustion, had fallen into a little slumber, while Gregory had gone to the spring to get some water. Ivan had not observed that he had gone away, when a loud and distressing groaning and rattling of the throat awaked him. He looked towards the sick man, who at this moment sank back lifeless, and now with glazed eyes, but with a peaceful countenance of one softly fallen asleep, lay there like a slumberer. At Ivan's cry of anguish, Gregory hastened thither; and there he stood shocked at the sight. They both had been prepared for a long time for this moment, but yet they were so overcome that they could not command their

words or thoughts. When they had first given vent to their oppressed hearts in a flood of tears, they sank down upon the body of the noble man, holding it together in their arms, vowing to each other eternal fidelity and friendship. The spirit of their friend that had fled must have been witness to this covenant. "And now let us leave the noble man to his rest," said Ivan, in deep emotion. "He is better off than we are. He has passed away from all—all that yet awaits us!" With these words he kissed the cold lips of the lifeless one. "Let us now go out into the open air," said Gregory. "We have spent a long time in this close cavern. The sight of that body affects me too much."

They covered the corpse with many skins, took each a spear and bow, bolted the hut, climbed out of the window, and when they had passed over the trench, drew up the bridge after them. For a long time they went forward silently; they spoke of the dead, lamented their loss, and with anxious care waited for the coming day. Thus they wandered on without any certain object, and indeed without feeling at all the severe cold. Their way led them to a ledge of rocks, into which they had not yet been; they lay on the other side of that frozen bay or basin, on the shore of which there was a large quantity of drift-wood. A ravine almost like a beaten

hollow way, lay open before them. The snow was trodden down like the track or (as the hunters say) the trail, of animals of the deer-kind. Wondering at this appearance, they both of them ascended the hollow way, and found in the slope a little hole, where they rested for some hours, in order to warm themselves by a fire which they had concluded to kindle. There was dry wood and brush enough, there. They brought a heap together, and were thinking of setting them on fire, when a noise re-echoing from a distance, and continually approaching, was heard—

JULIA. A visit of bears, certainly?—

FATHER. No, not this time!—It was a visit indeed, but not of so unwelcome a kind. A large flock of reindeer came there over the plain, and turned exactly towards the hollow way. Scarcely had they gone on, than they noticed the heaps of wood, and made a sudden halt. It was only with the greatest caution, that they set themselves once more in motion, and gradually approached nearer, till finally one of them ventured on a daring leap, close to the heap of wood, upon which immediately the others followed, and swift as an arrow, run up the hollow way. They soon disappeared from sight of the two friends, who lay hidden in the cave.

"Strange!" said Ivan. "The bed of the animals must be about here, and the hollow way

probably leads thither." "We shall know better if we follow their track," answered Gregory. "Let us go after them. Perhaps we may succeed in taking one of them."

Forgetting the cold and their fire, they followed the trail. All at once they came to a rocky basin, the lofty wall of which rose high up on all sides in crags; on the narrow and inclosed spot, the obscurity became greater, and nowhere was there to be seen any other outlet than the hollow way. The reindeer had vanished. Our two hunters indeed followed their track as long as they could discern it in the snow, but soon they came to the bold foot of a rock, where of course every vestige disappeared. It seemed inconceivable to both of them whither the animals had gone.

MARIA. And so they went back from a sleeveless errand?—their object unaccomplished?

FATHER. No! they were more fortunate. The impetuous Gregory examined and climbed at the risk of his life, some cliffs and dark clefts. Suddenly he called out to his friend, that the animals were hid in a cave. He had found their trail, and clearly heard the rustling and crowding together of the timid creatures. "Take care," cried Ivan to him, "the startled animals may rush out of their hole, dash you from the rocks, and you are lost." "Don't be afraid," was Greg-

ory's answer. "Only go back to the hollow way, and bring as much dry wood as you can carry." Ivan went, and when he had returned back with what was wished, they both of them kindled a large fire before the entrance of the hole, and soon they could hear plainly, how the distressed animals continually crowded closer into the back portion of the cave.

MARIA. What good did the fire do?

FATHER. Very much. It troubled still more the shy animals, and so they could be the easier caught. Besides, the fire shone into the cavern, and our two friends dared therefore the more to go in. The nearer they came to the animals, the further these crowded back and pressed on close up to the wall. The young men followed cautiously, when Gregory suddenly seized hold of the foot of one of these animals. It did not stir, and Gregory, to whom it at once occurred not to kill the creature, but to take it alive, tied the hind feet together with his sword-belt. Ivan on his part was equally fortunate; and he too had fettered an animal.

"Now let us go!" said Gregory. "The others must have free passage out: we will not hinder them." Both of them left the cave—they went into a place aside, and watched the outlet. A long time passed, but they saw no animal. Finally, one of them came to the entrance, look-

ed round carefully and as if in trouble; advanced forward some steps, looked around him again, and quick as lightning sprung down the hill, and the whole herd followed with a rush.

GUSTAVUS. But those they had bound?

FATHER. For these Ivan and Gregory waited in vain; they did not come out. Our friends then went back to the cave, and there at the entrance lay the two bound ones; near them stood a third, which was much smaller, and was just beginning to have its short horns. The fettered ones remained quiet, and looked so wistfully and troubled at Ivan and Gregory, that they fully determined to take them home with them alive. They raised the animals up—with some effort, however—tied the horn to one of the fore feet, untied the fetters of the hind legs, and willing and tame the two old ones followed, accompanied by the young one leaping on.

That Ivan and Gregory had been occupied in their return back, which took some hours, and with the animals, and thought little or nothing of their slumbering friend, you must not look on as a proof of their want of feeling, or that they had no true regard and friendship. They were engaged, and this business had driven every other thought out of their mind. But now, as they reached the hut, they keenly thought what joy they would have caused their friend with

their reindeer, and this idea excited their anguish anew. With indifference they led the animals into the hut, threw them some dry moss, and hardly seemed to notice how fearlessly they took this food out of the hand of their masters. As they entered the hut, the image of the corpse of their friend drove out every other impression.

Gregory had before proposed to tie the two old reindeer in front of the hut, and then look out and provide some better arrangement for them. Ivan went sadly and seriously into the cave, in which lay the body of his friend. Then all at once he heard a hollow, mournful cry, "Ivan! Gregory! Is neither of you here?"

JULIA. Now father, dear, what *was* that?

MAX. How can you ask such a question? Ivan imagined that he heard these words.

FATHER. No, it was no play of his imagination. Ivan heard these words, because they were really spoken. The young man did not belong to the superstitious class, and he was wholly without the fear of ghosts; but this hollow tone as though coming from a grave, these distressing words calling for help, affrighted him so, that he stood still like a lifeless statue. When he heard the voice calling him again, Ivan collected all his remaining sense and courage, and cast a look towards the body of the old pilot.

The skins, with which the two friends had

covered the dead on their going away, moved and were raised up. Trembling with affright, Ivan drew nearer and firmly raised the covering a little. Then he saw by the light of the ship's lantern, which was burning, how the pilot lay there bathed in a warm but salutary sweat—and O! he could no longer doubt—heard too his voice as he softly begged a cup of tea. "Almighty God! is it possible?" cried Ivan, and rushed, overcome with joy, into the arms of the newly awaked man. "Is it possible that you are alive, that I see my friend again?"

More affrighted than Ivan, Gregory sprang into the cavern. He had heard his friend's cry of joy, and knew not what it meant. Now he saw how Ivan lay over the supposed corpse of the old pilot, and kissed him amid loud expressions of joy. "In the name of God and our Saviour, what is it?" cried he, and stood still in affright. "O see here!" called out Ivan, trembling beyond measure for joy. "Look at our friend! he is alive! he is awaked again!" With the soft smile of returning health the good pilot looked at both of them, without being able to explain the great rejoicing of his friends. "Set the water quickly over the fire; our friend wishes for some tea!" said Ivan, and without replying a word, Gregory astonished with joy, ran to do as he was desired. "But where have you been?" asked the

pilot with a feeble voice. "I have been very anxious to see you. I was never so thirsty as I am now." "We have been hunting, and have brought home three reindeer, which we have caught." Smiling the pilot said, "O that is fine. I must have slept a long, very long time; but a dreadful anguish seïzed me in my dreams; and now I feel myself so light and well!" He wished to get up, but Ivan prevented him. "Lie still, a little longer!" said he, "I will first warm you some clean linen."—"And I will give you milk with your tea!" cried Gregory, as he set the tea-kettle over the fire. "We must take good care of you that you may get your strength again!" With this he took a bowl, and soon brought it back filled with most excellent healthy milk of one of the reindeer. Now, Ivan warmed his own bed, which was nearer to the fire, then he dressed the old pilot, and brought him, feeble and tottering, into it.

MARIA. I should like to have seen them in their joy!

MOTHER. You would have seen two happy, good men.

FATHER. The feeling of returning good health is the best thing for a person who is recovering. The pious old pilot found this to be the case. He sat raised up in Ivan's bed, attended on, and taken care of by the two friends, to whose

hearts he was so dear. With looks bright with joy, they both gazed on their friend given to them again, and amid their warm gushing tears they gave him a picture of that fearful hour, when they watched without hope beside his bed, and finally wept over him as they supposed dead. But much the greater was now their joy, to see their lost friend restored to them again.

MOTHER. You, my dear children, have not known what it is to see any one who is most beloved, saved from certain death. Thank God, neither your father, nor I, have ever been so sick. But *we* both have experienced it. You, Maria, was once so near to death, that your grave-clothes were already prepared; and you too, Gustavus, when a little child, was at the point of death, when your glazed eyes were all but closed. God in pity restored you; praise him. Never shall I forget the happy moment, when for the first time, you again asked for your playthings, and rolled your toy-horse back and forth with trembling hands on the bed cover.

FATHER. With ever-increasing astonishment, the pilot listened to all that his friends told him of his sickness, and their pain and distress. He believed that he had lain in a long and deep sleep, and thought that what was a sorrowful reality, was only the effect of a delusive dream. But how thankful and joyful he now was, that

his strength had returned. How delicious to his lips, was the cup of tea, with nutritious milk, and how nicely to the old sailor, tasted the pipe of tobacco of which he had been so long deprived. Now he begged his friends to read to him, some of the most beautiful hymns and psalms. How devoutly the good man listened to every word. How his tears flowed, when any particular passage or expression seized on his noble heart more than usual.

JULIA. But, father, his young friend sought not to have left the sick man!

FATHER. Why not? In their view and opinion, the pilot was no longer a sick man, but was a corpse. They ought on their own account to have left their close dwelling, in which they had been kept so long by his continued sickness. Frequently, the view of a corpse has something affecting and heart-rending for the best of men, and no doubt, Gregory and Ivan found it so. They did not deserve any reproach; we ought the less to blame them, as probably the way in which they treated the supposed corpse, was the cause of his being restored to life.

MARIA. How so?

FATHER. You may remember, that on their going away, they covered the body of their friend with warm skins of animals. It is possible, that these awakened and kept up in the man who

had fainted, and was to appearance dead, by the excitement of a beneficial sweat, the little spark of life. The old pilot's sickness was caused by a chill. You remember that dreadful eight-and-forty hours, in which he had waited in vain, sometimes on the rock, and sometimes in the cavern, for the return of his friends, in the midst of indescribable anxiety, and exertion of all his strength. Efforts of this kind might have less injured the younger Ivan or Gregory, than must have been the case with an older man like the pilot.

Sickness which proceeds from chills, is cured most certainly by means of sweats. That this sickness of the pilot rose to such a height made no difference. The distress was only so much the greater and more torturing before the restoring sweat broke out on the sick man.

From this time, it was Gregory's and Ivan's special task to devote their most faithful and careful attention to their friend, who was so weak, and who had been so wondrously rescued from death, and each of them seemed to wish to exceed the other in his efforts for this purpose. In order to provide a nourishing broth for the sick man, they immediately killed the young reindeer.

JULIA. O the poor creature! I would not have done that!

FATHER. Why not? It was above all things important to aid the recovering man to regain his strength. The health and comfort of a man, and especially of a friend, depended on it; and who could not sacrifice everything in such a case? How easily too they might catch another reindeer.

MAX. You know how, in Cook's voyage to the South Pole, Professor Foster readily, and willingly killed his Otaheitan dog, the first which was to be brought to Europe, in order to make a meat broth for Captain Cook when he was sick? And the dog was certainly of extraordinary value.

FATHER. Very true. In such case, everything would be sacrificed to save the captain, and here too everything in order to restore again completely a sick friend. Besides, they now might have the milk of the old reindeer, which otherwise would belong to the young one.

The nutritious broth, and the easily-digested flesh of the young animal, evidently recruited the old pilot's strength. Soon he could leave his bed for hours, and it was not long before he was again in a state to undertake light work, adapted to his strength. And so then, we see again the three friends sitting close around the warm fire, and hear their talk, or their pious, devout prayers and songs. Especially we see

the brave pilot, as he was in his solitude, when Ivan and Gregory had gone out to hunt, or for wood, active and busily employing his hours; how he sometimes arranged this and sometimes that domestic work, and frequently in loud prayer, thanked his heavenly Father for the compassion he had shown him. If such hours often benefit even the light-minded, what effect must they leave in the pious heart of so excellent a man!

GUSTAVUS. Were Ivan and Gregory lucky in their hunting?

FATHER. They were so; for they brought home many reindeer, partly live ones, and partly killed with their arrows or spears. By constant practice, they learned the art of surprising these animals; and indeed they understood as well as Robinson Crusoe, how to kill them with bow and arrow, and rarely did they fail in securing their game if they could once get within shooting distance. Thus they hardly ever were in want of fresh meat to roast or boil.

GUSTAVUS. But what then became of the two first reindeer?

FATHER. These stood tied up in the hut, were fed with moss, and soon became accustomed to their masters, and especially to the old pilot, who undertook to feed and have charge of them. He had become so thoroughly acquainted with the two animals, that he often spent whole hours

with them, caressed them, and made them eat out of his hand. One of them was a female reindeer, the mother of the young one they had killed, which repaid for its care by rich milk. The other they fed for the purpose, in case of necessity, of having one to kill in the house.

The three friends were really not so unhappy as they might have believed at the first moment. Being wonted to it contributed, too, to soften their hard lot: activity and industry allowed them rarely to dwell upon any sad thought; and if, at any time, a darker view came over them, one reminded the other, how happy they were that the pilot was still with them, and how sorrowful their lot would be on the other hand, if he really had been taken from them.

Then they went about their work, with united powers, which made them wholly forget everything unpleasant. This activity kept our friends in good health; besides, they had a more contented, hopeful, and cheerful feeling, and thus it might be easily explained, that they who had been so hardly tried, who seemed to have been almost forsaken of God, and left to their fate, were often satisfied with their condition.

There were indeed many things wanting, and certainly many most important and very needful. They felt the want of these frequently, and most pressingly, but they took their condition into

view, as it once was, and not as it might be, or they would have it. It seemed to them, folly to waste their time with useless, vain wishes; but they hoped in God and his overruling Providence, and sought to render themselves more deserving of a better lot by friendship, and activity, patience, and submission to the unsearchable ways of their Creator. And thus it could not be, but that they should be more contented with their condition.

Once Gregory and Ivan went hunting during the continually increasing cold. As usual, the pilot sat in the cave, and cut out arrows. Near him lay the two reindeer—which had been left for some time to go about at liberty—and chewed the shavings which fell from the pilot's work, when one of them raised up his head, pricked up his ears, and began to snuff.

MARIA. To snuff?

FATHER. As they call, in the language of hunters, the action of an animal when he discovers anything uncommon by the sense of smell. The reindeer made a whining noise, sprang up and reached up on the side of the wall of rock, over which was the opening, which they had not been able to gain with the ladder. The pilot noticed it; he became more watchful, and was fearful lest a bear might, in some inconceivable mode, have found his way into that cave, and

had chosen it for his abode. But this fear was soon dissipated, when the animal showed a kind of wish to mount up to the place. His own desire was now awakened to examine the cavern. With longing he waited the return of his friends, and as soon as this took place, he told them what he had noticed in the reindeer.

"I am very curious to learn," said he, "what that hole contains. It seems to have been gone up to; for the mark of a ladder laid there is clearly to be seen." Ivan and Gregory felt the same desire. They wished also to be able to examine that hole. "To climb up is impossible," said Gregory. "But that must not hinder us. We can find two trees, out of which we can make a ladder. In four-and-twenty hours I will supply this want."

He kept his word. After some hours' rest, he betook himself, notwithstanding the dreadful cold, to the basin, and, when he had been absent for some time, returned with two trees of a kind of fir, which the united labor of the three friends formed into a ladder, somewhat rude indeed, but yet very strong and firm.

"Now we shall soon see what the bake-oven contains."

JULIA. Bake-oven?

FATHER. Gregory so called the opening in sport, as it really had the appearance of a bake-

oven. The ladder was long enough—Gregory mounted up—

GUSTAVUS. Now—and he found—

FATHER. Many things—but you shall hear to-morrow evening.

Ninth Evening.

WITH anxious curiosity, the children awaited the continuation of the story. That there must be something extraordinary in that portion of the cave, they settled as certain without being able definitely to say why they expected it to be. Maria, who was somewhat more economical and more of a housewife, than the others, thought of a gold mine, or a place where diamonds were to be found; she had read in the accounts of travels, that in Peru, and the other South American provinces, they often found large pieces of solid gold, and could not conceive why it was they might not find the same in Spitzbergen, as metals and precious stones needed not the warmth of the sun and a milder climate for their growth, much less than plants. Max and Gustavus conjectured rather of rarities of nature and petrifactions. Julia, on the contrary, had always the old dead Hollander sea captain in her mind. She feared that Gregory would see the whole dead crew bodily as mummies, or like statues. On Max's

recollecting that, according to the account of the journal, they had been buried, she comforted herself with the thought that the cave might be to Ivan and his friends what the stranded ship was for Robinson Crusoe and his Friday—a well-filled magazine, provided with all sorts of things which the three friends were in need of.

But the children disputed about it, while every one sought to defend his own view, and tried to render it as probable as he could, when their father appeared—and the whole dispute was at an end.

GUSTAVUS. Now, father? Are we going to the bake-oven?

FATHER. Yes, immediately. Gregory put up the ladder, the old pilot cautioned him to be careful, and begged Ivan to accompany his friend. He himself sat down, while his friends mounted up, on the bottom of that cavern. From there he observed how the light above in the hole gradually became more feeble, and finally wholly disappeared.

MARIA. I should then have been somewhat troubled.

FATHER. Why should he be so? He had given to the daring Gregory, a more prudent director in Ivan; besides, he might hope that Gregory would be more careful after the former adventure in the cavern.

The pilot had passed almost an hour in his cave, only feebly lighted by the fire which was burning, and all continually grew more and more still, and he heard nothing. He was in fact becoming somewhat anxious. He called out; but no answer followed. He called again, but all in vain. He listened with the most intense observation. Everything was still, and so it continued. Then all at once, on the opposite side of the high dark roof of the hole, he saw a bright ray of light, which sometimes took the shape of a sword, and sometimes of a cross or point, and sometimes of a circle. Now it flitted about, now it again stood still; then it vanished all at once, and came into view again suddenly. The more intently the old pilot gazed at it, and the more he thought it over, the darker the matter became to him. But it was beyond conception when he heard loud voices wholly unknown to him, and soon after a strong wild laugh answered on every side. While he was seeking to explain to himself these strange appearances, and puzzling his head with all sorts of thoughts, all at once there fell from every side, a large quantity of little stones rattling down on the floor. Even this was not all. Suddenly the light formed itself into a great round circle, and—think of the awful sight!—in the midst of this fiery circle, all at once came to view, a coal-black shaggy head, with glowing,

flaming eyes, which called out the old pilot's name so loud, that it resounded through the whole cavern, and the call was answered on every side.

MARIA. I cannot imagine what it was!

JULIA. Oh, it is horrible. I would not have been in the old pilot's place for anything.

FATHER. I believe it, truly. But your fright will be over, when I tell you that the dreadful head belonged to no one but our friend Gregory.

MARIA. Gregory? How came he there?

FATHER. In the most natural manner possible. The division of the cavern, or rather the new cavern, wondrously led close to, and over the great principal cavern. We often find those passages winding about and caverns near by, as for example, in the woodman's hole. Ivan and Gregory had gone on into it, some little chinks of the wall had let through the shining of their light on the dark roof, and this shining showed itself in different shapes according as the openings through which it fell were formed. Many parts of the newly-discovered caves were large and roomy, and of course the echo of the sound of the voice was greatly increased, when Gregory or Ivan spoke. In the extreme corner of the cave, there was a round opening which naturally formed the round, shining circle. Through this opening, Gregory looked, and as the light was

behind him, so his face must appear black. In the high rocky vault of the cave, there was naturally an echo on every side when he called out to the old pilot, whom he saw far below him. The stones which rolled down, had either accidentally fallen through the chinks, while Ivan and Gregory pressed on them, or they had thrown them down purposely, in order to ascertain how deep the chinks reached.

"O you cobolds (black spirits)," cried out the old pilot, laughing over the adventure, "how came you there? You have almost frightened me!"

"If you wish to rejoice in many important and valuable things," was Gregory's answer, "then come up here. Here we have found stores with which we could fit out a man of war."

The pilot followed the call. Curious as to what he might find, he mounted the ladder, and indeed found that Gregory had not fibbed as to the main thing.

The whole portion of the wide-extended cave, might be compared to the upper story of a house. The wall and floor consisted of smooth rock, which formed many crooked and winding passages.

MARIA. And how was it with the stores with which one could fit out a ship?

FATHER. In this matter Gregory had some-

what overstrained the thing. But our good pilot found here many things which must be valuable to him. Thus for example, there lay close by the entrance, a large supply of dry fire-wood, while on the opposite side, there was a considerable quantity of moss, and yet further, some heaps of spoon-wort were piled up.

JULIA. And so there were vegetables!

FATHER. Many bear and reindeer skins lay in one corner.

JULIA. And so there were beds, and in case of necessity, warm articles of clothing.

FATHER. But now Ivan and Gregory called out to the pilot, that he should no longer stay by those trifles, as here where they were, vastly more important things were to be seen. The old pilot hastened thither. The young men came to meet him, and gladly showed him the newly covered magazine. There stood little casks and barrels, the weight of which proved, that they were not empty; here lay tools of all kinds, there some well-filled bags, the contents of which appeared never to have been used. With joyful feelings, the friends stood there, and with hearty satisfaction they considered this new property, although they knew not the contents of the barrels and casks.

MAX. But how then did they come here?

FATHER. This was inconceivable to our friends.

There was nothing of it in the paper they had found. Whether these supplies had been brought together by the eleven Hollanders, or were they indebted for them to some other person's care, there was no means of ascertaining.

GUSTAVUS. Did any one know of more persons having wintered on the island?

FATHER. Yes, not only here, but also in other northern regions of the earth, have different navigators made experiments of this sort. More than two hundred years since, the Danish Captain Monk passed the winter on one of the well-known northern coasts of America. He was on a voyage of discovery, but ventured too far; his ship froze in, and with the strong crew of sixty-four persons, saw himself compelled to leave his ship and seek the land. They found it, built themselves huts, brought in their supplies, and led a most scanty and wretched life, in an intensely cold clime. In three quarters of a year, only three men were left, who, after undergoing incredible sufferings and dangers, finally again reached their fatherland.

Some years afterwards the Hollanders made two attempts to erect for their fisheries winter abodes, in Greenland and Spitzbergen. They left in each place, seven sailors, who were provided with all things their necessities required. The journals which both companies kept, are

still in existence, and furnish proof of what men are often obliged to endure. The Greenland journal relates, that already on the eighteenth of September, the portion of brandy which each one had dealt out to him, was spent. From the ninth of October, they were obliged to keep up a constant fire, so as not to freeze, and their only meal consisted of bear's meat. In March they were all seized with the scurvy.

MARIA. The scurvy?

FATHER. So they call one of the most frightful of diseases, which is extremely dangerous to the crews of ships in the northern parts of the ocean. It attacks both body and mind; all the feelings of the soul of such a sick man become gloomy and sad, the body is emaciated, the breath becomes difficult, the gums swell up, the teeth loosen and finally fall out. The bodies are covered with rusty-colored spots, out of which run streams of bad-smelling blood; the breathing becomes continually more and more difficult, the distress greater, until death puts an end to the sufferings of such an unhappy man. This disease seized on all of them, and only one of the unfortunates could keep up the journal till the last of April. They were all found dead.

Alike sad was the lot of those who were left in Spitzbergen. According to their day-book they were obliged, just as were our three friends,

to content themselves with bear's flesh, and were also attacked by the scurvy. The first of them died in January, and the journal goes on to the end of February. All of them too were found dead.

Yet later, eight Englishmen were in many respects more fortunate. In the same region in which we know our friends to have been, either from negligence or misunderstanding a boat's crew were once left behind, which had been sent ashore to shoot reindeer, and the poor men, deprived of the necessaries of life, saw themselves compelled to spend their winter here. Fortunately they were landed in a place in which they found a wooden hut, partly in ruins.

JULIA. Probably the same which Ivan lived in with his friends?

FATHER. I believe not, they would otherwise have mentioned the cavern in their journal and the simple narration which they published after their return. This hut which they discovered they put not only in a better state, but also built inside of it, a smaller one, and filled the space between the two with moss. They had firewood more than they wanted; they laid up many reindeer, and gathered before the entrance of winter, a quantity of spoon-wort and other plants, and caught many fish, which they smoked together with the reindeer. A short time before the be-

ginning of winter, they were so fortunate as to catch a young whale, the flesh of which they cut into strips and roasted hard, at the fire for their winter food. Water from melted ice was their only drink. Thus they were obliged for one half of the year to undergo sufferings, and deprivations, which no description could portray. It was a great piece of good fortune for the poor men, that they remained healthy. Finally in the month of June, of the next year, a ship on which they had before served, came again to this region, and happily carried them back to their own country. So there are many examples that men have been compelled to spend a winter on this barren coast. And it is likewise probable that many persons of whom we have no knowledge have met with such a fate. Ruins have often been found of ships wrecked on the coast and in the bays of this island, and it is possible, that these stores were brought into the cave from such an unfortunate ship; it is possible that their possessors rescued in some way, left the stores in order to help thereby, some other unfortunate persons.

GUSTAVUS. Our friends must have been very thankful for them!

FATHER. They were indeed, even before they knew what those casks and barrels contained. To ascertain this, was now their most important

task. The first cask was opened. What joy they felt, when they saw that it was filled with gunpowder! This was exactly the most useful thing, for the question always had been whether the furious bears would be afraid of their arrows and lances only. Now they opened a second cask.—

But there was in the cave below them a dreadful crash; the whole floor seemed about to tumble, a thundering noise rolled around the rocks, and the distressing cry of some one calling for help, resounded even to the spot on which our astonished friends were standing, who were unable to explain this most unexpected phenomenon.

JULIA. But what was it, dear father?

GUSTAVUS. What could it be? Why certainly the heedless Gregory had come too near the powder cask with his lamp.

FATHER. If this had been the case, the history of our three friends would have ended with this moment. But this matter was not so bad, and was explained, as you shall immediately hear, in a perfectly natural manner. All three of them went with their lamps back to the entrance, and there they found the cause of the dreadful noise. The ladder on which they had mounted into the hole, was thrown down and lay across the reindeer, who uttered the most piteous moans under its weight. Probably the creature, which had

been accustomed to his kind guardian, had wished to follow him up the ladder; or perhaps he was left merely tied by the horns to one of the rounds, and so had pulled down the heavy ladder on himself. The noise of this in falling, must have caused a very loud and powerful echo in the empty rocky cavern, in which the distressing cry of the animal had a great resemblance to the voice of an unfortunate man, and thus our friends as well as ourselves, saw the whole strange matter explained.

MAX. But now, how were they to get down again?

FATHER. That was the most difficult thing. To climb down the smooth rock was impossible, and to jump down, would be a folly not to be thought of. They were compelled, therefore, to devise some other means, and this they did. Among the stores, they had found many ropes, these they tied together. Gregory soon let himself down on it, raised up the ladder, mounted again, and to prevent any similar accident, fastened the ladder tight.

And now they went to work again to examine the stores. The three were never more rejoiced, than now, when they saw one want after another supplied. They called out by turns to each other, as any one found something long wished for, or most needed. But greater still.

was their joy, when Gregory uncovered a cask full of the best well-preserved flour.

MARIA. This must indeed have been most pleasant. The poor men may now bake some bread, and make themselves more good soup!

JULIA. Now they ought to find potatoes too, just as Robinson Crusoe did.

FATHER. Yes, if Spitzbergen only lay as near the Equator as it did to the North Pole! But they were already helped to many things, and they could now more contentedly look forward to the future, to the end of the winter, and the half year's night. Then the day would dawn, which in this zone lasts almost half a year, and they might reasonably hope that in the milder season of the year they would be able to provide for their future subsistence.

Now our friends went down and found the poor reindeer in such a poor plight they could not think of being able to cure him. The ladder had broken his backbone, and painful as it was to the old pilot, he was compelled to kill the animal.

If by the discovery of the new chamber, or cave, and the large stores it contained, many necessaries of life were supplied, there was also joined with it the important advantage, that the things found afforded our friends occasion and material for new occupation. The first work which they undertook was to bring the most necessary arti-

cles, except the gunpowder and the flour, into their cave. Both of these they left above in a safer place. It would have been dangerous to have had the powder in their dwelling; an unlucky spark might easily have set it on fire, and thus the whole cavern would have been blown up. The flour they left above because it was drier there, and more airy, than in the lower cavern, where it was more easily exposed to sour, or become otherwise unfit.

Now they must begin to bake, a business which fell to the pilot, who was not wholly inexperienced in it, as in his earlier years he had been assistant to the cook on board of a ship. To try an experiment, he determined to make use of the absence of his friends, who to-day, notwithstanding the extreme cold, had decided on going out to hunt, as they being now furnished with powder and ball, might reckon on sure success. But the first thing which was required to have such an experiment succeed, was a bake-oven. The building of one was indeed attended with many difficulties and hard labor, but the pilot would not shrink from it on this account—he went quickly and courageously to work—and his activity was not unrewarded, as is almost always the case with man, when he begins with reflection and goes forward with continued industry.

The walls of the cavern had many clefts, and

one of these the pilot chose for his oven; it was smooth and straight below, about two yards broad, and went into the rock the same depth. Three sides of the oven were, therefore, already found. Now the pilot sought in the deeper cleft of the rock for loose stones, placed them upright on some flat ones, kneaded the earth which he found in the hollow into a paste, built up masonwork therewith, and thus there was a bake-oven prepared even to the door. This was formed by means of a board, and in order to give a firm hold and hinder it from falling down, when it was to close the well-heated oven, he made, with masonwork, an addition before the opening, by which the door could be fastened. Probably he afterwards gave it many little changes in the structure, as experience had no doubt suggested to his notice various things which he might employ for the improvement of his work.

But as accident often causes the most important and useful discoveries, of this the account of the pilot furnishes a striking proof. He was occupied in hammering a large stone for a plate of his bake-oven, when he noticed in the stone many broad shining veins.

MARIA. It was, no doubt, solid gold?

FATHER. Something more useful to him.

JULIA. Then it was certainly diamonds?

FATHER. It was something which the pilot

valued more than gold and diamonds, at least its prosession was more important in his situation. Every one of the veins was full of the finest rock-salt, which appeared in little bright cubes or blocks, and were here inserted. No discovery could have yielded the honest man greater joy than this; for now by the help of God again was furnished the supply for a long felt and most pressing want. With longing he waited the return of his friends, in order that he might impart to them the joyful news.

The bake-oven was now finished, and the builder immediately made a fire in it to dry it. The oven had a sufficient draught, the fire burned finely, and in half-an-hour the mason-work was dry. The old pilot caused the oven to be cooled off—and thus he heated it for baking.

He had already kneaded flour and hot water in a kettle to a paste, or dough, and when this was sufficiently firm he let it stand for an hour, then laid it on a smooth clean board, formed cakes of it, rubbed them with bear's grease, and strewed sugar over them. Then he took out the coals from the thoroughly heated oven, cleansed it by means of a bundle of spoon-wort, put in his baking, and shut up the opening with a board. Already the strong smell of the baking enlivened the old pilot, but far more yet did the sight of it rejoice him, when, of a shining brown color

and well done, it stood on the table, and filled the cavern with its savor.

Now, the sign agreed on sounded outside, and the pilot hastened thither, in order to place the bridge over the trench. The two hunters returned home with a stout buck reindeer, which they had shot.

"What is that fine and strong smell?" cried Ivan, as he entered the cave. "It is just as if we were in a bakery of Archangel!" "Yes, indeed I have been baking," answered the pilot, and with self-pleased look showed the astonished friends the products of his baking. He had already set on tea.

JULIA. And so the tea-drinking was as merry and joyous among them, as any one could be.

FATHER. They certainly were good men, and we rejoice that they were.

"In your absence I have made a discovery," said the old pilot, "which is of invaluable worth." With these words he held out to them the rock-salt. "See here, this is the most beautiful rock-salt, of the purest taste." Then he told his friends how he came to make the discovery, and they thanked God, and their friend, for the newly-received blessing.

MARIA. And yet there was still wanting so much to their happiness!

FATHER. That is true; but the wise man looks not always at what is *wanting* to him, but

at what he *has*. Our friends at Spitzbergen had found themselves in such a situation; they knew that it was not by their own fault that they were in this solitude, but that their business and philanthropy had prepared this destiny for them. Besides, they were healthy, had their necessary subsistence, were friendly affected towards one another, active, and industrious: the hope of being, sooner or later, freed from this sorrowful abode, enlivened their spirit, and thus they could be more tranquil and cheerful, than might have been supposed at first view.

MARIA. That is indeed true! But they ought not to compare themselves with other men of whom they knew, that they were more fortunate, if they did not wish to become disquieted.

MOTHER. That was not necessary; it would have been hurtful to their contentment. You can, my children, best understand that in your own case. You would not deny that you possess a great many good things; you have your parents; you have clothing, food, a dwelling to shelter you. You are healthy, and receive instruction in what it is necessary for you to know. But many thousand children have all this, and are far better off than you are; they have all that they wish, not a pleasure is denied them; they have for their instruction the most costly books, wear the finest clothes,—in a word, they

have in this aspect all imaginable advantages. If you now should compare your situation with that of these more fortunate children, how would your lot appear to them?

GUSTAVUS. That I have never done, and will never do!

MOTHER. But suppose that you should make such a comparison, the result would be you would become discontented with your situation; you would imagine yourself to be unhappy, not because you really were so, but because you saw others who, according to your opinion, were happier than you; you would look on them with envy, and would really become what you feared yourself to be—unhappy.

But now on the other side—how many thousands there are to whom God has denied your happiness! Poor children who now probably have not even a warm room, a bed, warm food or necessary clothing, for whose instruction no one cares, the fatherless and motherless orphans, who are compelled thus early to feel all the wretchedness of mankind—If now you wish to obtain a clear view of your good fortune, compare yourself with these who are so deserving to be pitied. Ask yourself, why you are happier than they are?—Ask yourself, whether the poor unfortunates are more to blame for their wretchedness—whether you are better than they are?

GUSTAVUS. Mother, you cannot but believe that we are very, very well contented with our situation.

FATHER. You have reason to be so, and you can the better see this, always the more you look at the more unfortunate *below* you, than at the more fortunate who are *above* you.

And now to return to our friends, who were the more tranquil and contented, because they were rational and wise in looking at the bright side of their condition. Frequently they talked together of their blessings, which God had granted them in their sorrowful destiny, and if at any time a trifling uneasiness crept in, they struck up a hymn or read some passage in God's word.

Then Ivan and Gregory took their guns and axes, to drive away every moody feeling by hunting or chopping wood: the pilot also seized on some work to be done, made some necessary utensil or household implement still needed, baked up a supply of bread, or went out to make some new discovery in the cavern. Then when they came together again, their anxiety and unpleasant feeling was gone, and with pleasure they enjoyed their frugal meal; sleep brought a beneficial strength, and with new powers, after a few hours' rest, they went again to their work.

On a certain time the old pilot was all alone. He had finished his usual labors and as he was

not wont to let his hands lie idle in his lap, it occurred to him, to examine the stores in that upper cavern, with all of which they had not yet become acquainted.

MOTHER. Observe that, Maria and Julia. Many useful things are often found, that would otherwise have remained unnoticed or forgotten.

FATHER. And you, Max and Gustavus, there is a rule about this which applies to many things. I have always been accustomed in my leisure hours, to look through my books, and have thereby gained many a new view, or at least recalled again many things, which I had forgotten. It is a kind of looking over one's stores.

But to go on with our story. The five or six little casks which stood above were all alike, and our friend believed nothing to be more certain, than that they all contained flour. The pilot opened the last barrel, and found—

MARIA. Certainly, gold—was it not, father?

FATHER. No, my child, a store of beautiful white beans. Still more eagerly he struck on the cask standing next, and was surprised by the sight of fine yellow peas. The third one afforded him not less joy, for it was wholly full of lentils.

JULIA. Grand! grand! Now he went to cooking them!

FATHER. As the old pilot knew that his

friends were wont to return after having been absent some hours, and usually with an excellent appetite, he immediately concluded to prepare for them a domestic comfort, and surprise them with a new dish. This consisted of a good portion of peas, which he immediately carried down into the lower cave, and after he had carefully cleaned and washed them, put on the fire with a smoked bear's ham.

Of all dishes this must have been best understood by him, for except the bear's ham, it was a common dish among sailors. The pilot had often cooked it on board of the ship. In the most cheerful mood, he awaited the return of his friends, who he knew after their laborious exercise in the pure cold air would wish for nothing so much as a well-covered table; and the time seemed to him almost too long, before he heard their call before the hut. Finally, they returned home, and as soon as he had let them in, Gregory's first words were, "To-day we have been hard at work, and are very hungry; we have been a great distance; but for it, we have brought home a large fat reindeer buck.'" "And I," said the good pilot, interrupting him, "will treat you to-day, to a new dish!" With that he went to the hearth and brought to them, waiting full of expectation and wonder, the peas smelling most deliciously. How the dish so pleasant, especially

to sailors, and of which they had been so long deprived, was relished! While they were eating, the pilot told his friends how he had found the peas, and raised still more their joy, by informing them that they had in store a considerable quantity of beans and lentils.

MARIA. Now then, they had more than many families can boast of. If I had been in the pilot's place, I would have arranged a regular bill of fare for the whole week.

MAX. My little sister, that could not have been done.

MARIA. Why not?

MAX. What, do you not remember? How would you have determined the days? There was neither sunrise nor sunset: it was only one long night.

MARIA. That is true. But then I would have reckoned the time by the watch, and every twenty-four hours, prepared the regular dinner. First on Sunday, a fine fat haunch of reindeer, with which spoon-wort should supply the place of salad. The first course of soup—

JULIA. Soup with flour and bear's grease!

MARIA. And why not?

GUSTAVUS. Could you not make a broth with milk?

MARIA. Certainly, I did not think of the reindeer's milk.—On Monday peas with—

MAX. Bear's meat.

MARIA. Tuesday, peas soup.

GUSTAVUS. With bear's snouts, and bear's ears.

MARIA. On Wednesday, a dish of spoonwort, and dripping with a roast of reindeer. Thursday, lentils, with salted meat.

GUSTAVUS. You mean of bear's flesh.

MARIA. Friday, beans with the same. Saturday, pieces of meat warmed up, and such like. See, Max, in this way there would be a table set for the whole week, and thus I would have arranged it.

MAX. It is a great pity that you had not been there at Spitzbergen, how many cares you might have saved the old pilot!

JULIA. The dear guests would not have thought so with their over-salted soup, and their burnt bread.

GUSTAVUS. Now who knows, Max, where we may be yet. If we should chance to get on such an island as Spitzbergen, we will send after you, Maria. I would then hunt the game, and you should cook and bake.

FATHER. (*smiling*). Have you finished your arrangements about cooking? I must tell you that the pilot arranged everything usually, as Maria has said, although they had not consulted together. The guests were satisfied with his

cooking, the clear spring gave them the healthiest drink, and they relished their pipes and tea, till the time came to go to sleep.

MOTHER. And then they probably did as we shall: they slept quietly, in the firm trust of the divine protection.

Tenth Evening.

Poor Maria, the whole of the next day, was obliged to hear how her two brothers made themselves merry about her bill of fare. In vain Julia, who otherwise knew how to contest a matter well, came to her sister's aid. The grave Max, with his usually dry wit, and the more volatile, wild Gustavus would not cease referring everything which gave any opportunity to Maria's bill of fare.

These little jokes, however, had nothing wicked or injurious in them; they loved their sister too much for that. They did only what is often done among grown-up, well-educated persons,—if one makes a blunder at any time, the others lay hold of it at his expense, who made it, to create more merry talk. When this is done in a right manner, all harm is kept off, and it is brought to an end at the right time; then these little jokes surely cannot be blamed by any rational person.

Maria knew beforehand that both of her brothers would also sometime make a blunder; she therefore comforted herself with the idea, that she would soon find an opportunity to pay them back with heavy interest for what her brothers had joked her. Quietly, and with her usual good nature, she bore all that she was obliged to hear from them.

Now the time for supper approached; their father came in, and at the table there was often heard some little playful allusion to Maria's bill of fare.

"Now forward," said their father. "We are going again to Spitzbergen."

GUSTAVUS. We shall not be wanting, we are all ready for the march.

FATHER. Where did we last see our friends, Max?

MAX. Gregory and Ivan had gone hunting, and the old pilot was cooking in the kitchen.

FATHER. Right. And now we will go on. It was now about the middle of January.

MAX. But, father, how could they determine this? or how could any one know generally the day?

FATHER. They could not indeed reckon according to the rising and setting of the sun, as no sun was to be seen in the constant night. But, happily, the pilot possessed a journal with a cal-

endar. He had also at the outset marked the day in which they had left the ship; and now they reckoned twenty-four hours for day and night, a period which they could the easier determine, as every one of them carried a watch. The seventh day they regularly kept sacred as the Sabbath day, in which they rested from their work. They sang some pious devotional hymns, which kept up their spirits and quickened their confidence in God, they read some chapters in the Bible, and spent the day in religious conversation, enlivening their hearts, and in this way strengthened themselves for their certainly not easy labors of the following day. Calm, and with a peaceful conscience, relying on the fatherly assistance of God, they then gave themselves up to slumber, and came forth after this invigorating sleep newly fitted for their occupations.

The winter of this year was distinguished by its extremely severe, and long-continued cold. The oldest gray-haired person did not recollect such a winter, and even in our country the cold rose to an uncommon height. How dreadful then it must have been at Spitzbergen! Scarcely the hardiest wild animals, accustomed to a cold climate, were in a condition to bear this cold, and how much less then could men!

Ivan and Gregory wished once, as usual, to go out a hunting and for wood; but scarcely had

they opened the door of the hut, than the cold air meeting them took away their breath, and as it came out of their mouth it became changed into frost, and remained hanging on their clothes, while they felt the most violent pains in their eyes, and the skin seemed about to burst off from their face and hands.

"To-day it is impossible to go out into the open air," said Gregory. "We could not take a hundred steps but at the risk of our lives!" Ivan found this declaration only too well founded. Both of them went back and described to their friend the dreadful cold. "Then you must stay at home," answered the pilot. "To risk your lives so would be foolhardiness."

GUSTAVUS. How long then did their staying at home continue?

FATHER. More than a month.

GUSTAVUS. The time must have been long enough to them!

FATHER. Then I should pity our friends! No man is more to be pitied than he who knows not how to employ his time. As for our friends they had work enough. You can easily imagine that in their hard journeys through the snow and ice, over rocks and cliffs, and by the dragging in of wood and game, their clothes must have been much injured. They had indeed taken clothes with them from the ship, but not more

than they wore; and they had also found many necessary articles in the chest of the Holland captain, but the various labors, which required many long journeys, had much impaired them. As they always cherished still the hope of going back, in some vessel by which they might be rescued, to their country, it was very naturally their wish not to appear like Greenlanders or Jakuts, and they must therefore keep their clothes as good as possible. But now the want was too evident, and particularly they had greatly suffered in their shoes. How were they to begin to help themselves as to this want? Happily there was a supply of bears' and reindeer's skins. These were indeed, especially the former, hard as a board, and as unbending; but they struck, beat, and pressed them until they were soft enough to allow them to be worked. From this bear-skin they now cut pieces which they fitted over their feet, and fastened stout straps on the corners.

MARIA. How did they fasten them on?

FATHER. With finer cut strings. By the help of a sharp-pointed nail they bored holes in the leather, and in the stout strips designed for binding them together, and in this way the covering for their feet was prepared. From the more soft reindeer's skins they made long wide clothes for their legs, coats and cloaks, with large capes which they could draw over their heads.

MARIA. All sewed in the same manner?

FATHER. Yes, in the same manner.

JULIA. They must have cut a fine figure?

FATHER. Who would have regarded that? This did not come into consideration.

The chief object was the preservation of their health, to protect themselves against the cold, and to spare their other clothes. As to linen they were yet well provided; for this they were indebted to the supply left by the Holland captain. Every one of them had nearly half-a-dozen shirts, which were often washed.

MARIA. Their washing must have been a pretty business. Without soap or starch!

JULIA. Without ironing and plaiting!

FATHER. Thus their clothing engaged the attention of our friends; but there was yet more for them to do, as a man always, who is glad to be active, will everywhere find labor and occupation. Many little household implements were newly made, while others were put into a better and more useful condition; many things even which belonged to conveniences were made, while they constructed stools, tables, benches, and from soft wood made trays, baking trough, and plates. The polishing of their guns and swords too was not neglected. And thus our brave fellows never experienced the torment of being without anything to do.

MARIA. But once more, dear father! How did they get along with respect to means of living, especially as to fresh meat?

FATHER. Very well. Our friends were good economists, to whom the proverb might be applied, "Be sparing in time, and you shall have when you need!" Gregory and Ivan had already shot many fine reindeer, the flesh of which kept well in cold weather; besides, there were also the stores which they had found, and here again they had striking proof how the providence of God lends its helping hand, when human powers fail.

MAX. How so?

FATHER. The intense cold and the snow which lay so deep, was too hard even for the bears, and as they no longer found any food, so they now came driven by raging hunger into the valley, where our friends lived.

MAX. They were after the victuals that smelt so nice when cooked!

FATHER. In a certain sense perhaps so, only with this difference, that they wished also to make a meal out of the cooks.

JULIA. That would not have been very agreeable to me.

FATHER. To our friends, too, the visit was not over pleasing. They were resting, tired of work, on their beds, when Ivan heard an unusual noise and growling, mingled with yells. He rose up

and he believed he had been dreaming, when he heard it anew and more plainly than before. Immediately he waked up the others. "I believe we are going to have another change of weather," said he. "Only listen to the storm." "A fine storm!" said the old pilot, "get up and take your guns: it is the bears which are trying to break in!" They quickly sprung up, seized their loaded guns, and hurried from the cave into the hut. Gregory carefully opened the little window. The air was as cold as possible; but clear and shining from the fiery northern lights, lay the valley covered with the dazzling snow, before him. But what a sight! what horror! Five great white bears that had become ravenous from hunger, snuffling and howling, were trying to break into the door of the hut, which happily was fast bolted. Perhaps in a few moments the decayed timber might have been crushed in by their pressure, and our friends would have been lost, without rescue, if they had awaked a few minutes later. Ivan immediately shot at the nearest bear, and hit him so well that he staggered. The shot re-echoed through the rocky wall; some wolves which were lurking in the distance, to see if they might not also obtain their prey, raised a frightful yell and ran off. But the bears, become the more furious, stood their ground all the more firmly. They were indeed at first somewhat star-

tled at the flash of the powder, and the report of the gun resounding through the rocks, but soon they fell into a still greater rage, which they at once vented on their brother that had sunk under the shot, and pitched upon him furiously and tore him dreadfully. From the pain of this tearing and rending the almost lifeless animal was roused again, and now his rage being excited by the wound from the ball, and the mode of cure his friends had adopted with him, was raised to the highest degree. He fell furiously on the nearest of his neighbors, and in a short time they were all biting and tearing each other.

MARIA. That was fine sport to our friends.

FATHER. You think so, do you, Maria?—However great was the noise of the tearing and biting, however they might have looked on it when they were no more troubled by their enemies about the besieged hut, yet they were in continual fear lest the four might again muster and venture on a new attack, and very probably a more successful one, against their door.

Ivan and Gregory, in the meantime, were no idle spectators of the dreadful fight; they kept up a firing among them, but not a single bear fell.

GUSTAVUS. Ha! I do not understand about that. They had at other times been such good marksmen!

FATHER. Probably in the confusion in which the bears all were, they could get no sure aim. It is possible also, that the bears in their fury, did not regard wounds, which else would have been severe and painful.

"The fray is becoming doubtful!" said the pilot: "this noise may call here more of them, and thus add to the strength of the besieging force." "We must resort to another method!" he added after a short reflection. "Keep at your posts till I come back!" With these words he hastened to the cavern, and caught up a package of squibs.

JULIA. What did he catch up?—Squibs?

FATHER. Gustavus, explain the meaning of the word to your sisters. It belongs in some measure to warlike preparations.

GUSTAVUS. Squibs are a kind of cartridges filled with powder and other burning matters, which are used in sport, in fire-works, and seriously to frighten horses. They differ from rockets that are thrown up, as in their course they jump about in wide spaces on the ground, and therefore they are also often called frogs or snakes. At every jump they give a loud report and sprinkle fire and sparks around them.

FATHER. Very well explained! The pilot set fire to one of these squibs and threw it among the bears, and it was fine sport to see how the

thing jumped about on the hard frozen snow, like a will-of-a-wisp, scattering sparks; and how with every report it made a side jump, and sometimes lighted on a bear's head, and then again on another's shaggy coat.

JULIA. How did the bears take these fireworks, let off in honor of them?

FATHER. You can easily conceive. They had never experienced such an honor. They were startled, put their paws growling up to their heads when the squib struck their face, or they wallowed in the snow when it came into closer intercourse with their thick furs.

Not to let it all go off in a joke, Gregory and Ivan shot continually at them, while the old pilot threw some more squibs, and the enemy at last drew off growling and limping and greatly displeased, leaving one of their dead behind them. After the besieging force had withdrawn, our friends took possession of the enemy left, a monstrous white bear. With the greatest exertions, they succeeded in bringing him at first only into the hut, and bolted the door. They could not now think of trying to skin him, and cut up his flesh. There was something else to be done.

Affrighted by the dreadful cold, our friends had spent almost a whole month in the close, heavy cavern, without going out into the open air. Now, as during the fight they had felt the bene-

ficial effect of an almost intolerable, yet enlivening fresh air, they concluded to open the window of the hut, in order to give free access to the pure air. The walls were at once coated with ice and frost, and the vapor of the cavern and hut was changed into snow, yet this was nothing in comparison to the benefit which our friends experienced from the pure air.

"But we must have a sentinel stationed here, a sentinel with a light and a gun!" said the old pilot. "I fear that our foe will be ashamed of their having been beaten off from their attack, and will come upon us before we have expected."

Ivan and Gregory volunteered for this duty; the latter, clothed in his bear-skin, and setting his gun close by him, immediately took his post. Ivan and the pilot went into the cavern. Gregory had been there almost an hour without a bear showing himself, and he was already beginning to think that he might give up all care on account of the return of the enemy, when he heard a distant growling, continually approaching nearer and nearer. He immediately mentioned what he heard. The friends hurried out, and looked through the opening, but perceived as yet no enemy on the clear shining snow. You remember that not far from the hut, there was an opening in the rock, which formed an entrance into the valley. The enemy could approach only on this

side. And in truth, soon a huge white bear showed himself at the corner of the rock, accompanied by half a dozen others, which under his lead, made directly for the hut. The trench was no hindrance to them; it was full of snow, and this was covered with a thick crust of ice.

GUSTAVUS. Our friends ought long since to have cleared it out again.

FATHER. Very true: but who knows what difficulties might have prevented them! They certainly were not wanting in determination and readiness to work. Enough that the besieging army came right forward, and probably the blood, or as it is termed in the language of hunters, the sweat of their dead comrade, was the reason why the bears were yet more furious and violent, than in their first attack. But one of them distinguished himself by his savage efforts. No glowing, hissing, and fire-sprinkling squibs frightened him; whenever such a firebrand struck him he became so much the more furious; growling and grating his teeth he put up his paws over his snout, and renewed his assault with increased rage. In vain Ivan and Gregory shot at him, he minded no ball; his attacks were the more violent and continually harder to resist; he smelt his dead comrade in the hut, and put to all the strength at his command anew, and

crash!—he all at once dashed in the door, and the unwelcome guest was inside.

MAX. He truly fell with the door into the house!

JULIA. But, dear father, what did they now do?

FATHER. You can easily imagine that our friends were not very well pleased. It was now a fight for life or death. With bayonets, they received the guest which had crowded himself in upon them, and which reared himself up wrathfully, and spread out wide his great shaggy paws to grasp one of our friends, or possibly all three of them, but suddenly stumbled over his dead comrade. Before he could get up again, the watchful old pilot placed the muzzle of his gun at his ear, fired, and the furious monster lay wallowing in his own blood. At the same moment Ivan's and Gregory's bayonets were buried in the enemy's breast until they became convinced that he was dead. The others stood at a distance to wait the result. Some squibs launched among them, showed them the backtrack, which they indeed took unwillingly, but in great haste, and it was a matter of much joy to our friends to be so rid of them.

MAX. It would have been fine doings if the other bears had pressed into the cavern!

JULIA. How could the poor men have saved themselves?

MAX. Why, if they lived, they could retreat by means of the ladder into the upper cavern.

GUSTAVUS. Yes, for they had provisions there.

MARIA. But what would they have done for water, or for cooking utensils, and a bake-oven? And how too, if their guests with shaggy paws, in the cavern, had happened to go up?

GUSTAVUS. That would have been better: the garrison would have conducted themselves bravely, and driven back all assaults.

FATHER. Besides, this short visit had given occasion to much necessary work. The first thing which required the attention of our friends, if they wished in future to remain free of such visits, was, to make a new door to their house, as the old one was wholly broken to pieces. But this work, in their great exhaustion after the bloody fight, did not belong to the easy kind, and they labored many hours before the new and strong door was finished. Now they took hold of the bears, which were both of monstrous size, and yet according to the pilot's opinion were young. But finally they got through too with this work, although it was none of the easiest either. The skins alone were so heavy, that they could scarcely carry them up the ladder.

But as in general, an unexpected affright has its benefits, so it was the case here. Our friends became more cautious to avoid any similar occur-

rence. Though this caused them many hard labors, and to pass many heavy hours, yet they did not trouble themselves on account of this. They made all possible preparations for defence, that they might not in this respect have to reproach themselves.

MARIA. But how could the good men do more than they had done?

FATHER. Something else was needed. The trench which was dug around their fortress, had been filled up by the drifted snow, and its top was covered with so firm a crust of ice, that it might have borne up a loaded wagon, without its sinking in. The bears could, therefore, come to the hut without being prevented; they were then obliged, in order to protect their dwelling, to clear out the trench. This was indeed hard work, and the more severe on account of the piercing cold; but it was necessary, and when once they were convinced of this, any work became more easy.

With their axes they first cut through the crust of ice, then they threw out all the snow on the inside edge of the trench. And thus, after forty-eight hours' hard labor, they had formed a kind of wall, the firmness of which they considerably increased by pouring water over it. This, too, froze into a smooth crust of ice, and thus the wall stood there as if made of polished steel. Now they might hope to be safe from their before dread-

ed guests. They often indeed made their appearance, but the view of the deep trench, with its sides smooth as glass, and still more the high wall of ice with its rough slope, frightened them away. Therefore, when the bears, growling and snuffling drew near the hut, on the other side of the trench, our friends looked out at them quietly, and saw them go away, and seek in vain a way to get over it.

GUSTAVUS. I would have given them another greeting!

FATHER. Do you suppose that our friends were wanting in such civility? Sometimes a ball from a gun struck one of the boldest of them, or a squib of sprinkling fire was thrown on his skin, and it caused many a hearty laugh when it made any one of them, thus welcomed, cut up his antics, or with his burnt nose seek a greater distance and leave his place to some other. Finally they all kept away, and our friends were relieved from their troublesome visits.

Now the good men had also the advantage of being able to stay a longer time in the open air. The air was indeed yet cold enough, but it no longer produced the sharpness and cutting feeling, and was not so painful to the eyes, and the skin was no more affected as before with frost blisters. It was a great comfort when they could again, for the first time, spend an hour in the

open air, after they had lived a month in a cavern. Though this was large and roomy, yet it was always a cavern; the air was heavy and unhealthy, notwithstanding they sought to remedy the evil by frequent flashing of loose gunpowder. Its inhabitants also felt, from a certain bodily lassitude, and from being more frequently affected with melancholy, that constant living in the cavern was very injurious to their health. How happy they now felt as they passed over on the walled entrance to their fortress, mounted on a rock, and could breathe in new powers and new life in God's pure air.

Once on a time, our friends sat at their work in the cavern, when they were affrighted by a terrific howl, which resounded fearfully through the valley. They had not heard anything like it for a long time; it seemed as if all the bears and wolves in Spitzbergen had got together to destroy them. "Load the guns and get some squibs," cried the old pilot, not without some anxiety. "I am afraid the enemy are coming with great force against us." Gregory and Ivan loaded the guns; then they all three went to the hut, to look about first what arrangements were best to drive off the enemy. Gregory carefully opened the window, but, how astonished he was, when he saw not a single bear, but perceived that the horrible howling in the valley

was caused by a frightful storm, which drove the thick black clouds, swift as an arrow, across the starless heavens, and blew the snow in great flakes mixed with rain in his face! This tempest became continually more dreadful, howling and roaring as it passed through the valley, so that the wall of the hut shook, and the whole building seemed threatening to tumble down. With anxious amazement, Ivan and Gregory listened to the horrors of this frightful event in nature, which neither of them had ever known in such a degree.

The pilot remained more firm. He had before made frequent voyages into the northern regions of the earth, and knew that here the change from winter to summer was connected with extraordinary occurrences. "God is almighty!" said he, devoutly, "his compassion will protect us in this uproar of nature!"

They returned back into the cavern, and the old pilot quieted his friends on this account, as he proved to them how the day would now soon break, and the sun, of the sight of which they had been so long deprived, would again become visible. "Perhaps then the Almighty will bring to us a ship to save us," he added. "We will trust him. He knows best what we have to bear here!"

This hope was not indeed so entirely rock-fast in the heart of the brave man. Sometimes he

felt more enlivened, and tranquil, and sometimes too the last ray vanished. He knew that it was very seldom a ship lost herself in these northern latitudes; and he also quieted his younger friends, yet, earnestly as he did so, he often did it even without himself feeling the comfort which his lips imparted.

When, after raging for six days, the storm ceased, Ivan and Gregory made use of the repose of nature to go out again to hunt; an occupation which had so long been denied them, but which was most needful for their health, as also for the cheerfulness of their spirits. It was in the beginning of the month of March, when one day they came back to the cavern, unusually joyful and cheerful in their appearance. "Now?" asked the pilot. "What good and joyful thing have you to tell of?" "We have to-day again seen our God's splendid sun, for the first time," was the exulting answer. "Friends, that is a mistake. To-day is the fourth of March, and in the latitude in which we are, the sun first makes its appearance on the ninth of March; so that there are yet wanting five days." "But, friend, we have certainly and truly seen the sun!" "And you have been mistaken, as I will soon prove to you."

MAX. Strange! The two maintained that they had seen the sun with their own eyes, and

the third contradicts them, and tells them it was impossible, what the others assured him was true and right!

MARIA. One of them must have been wrong in the case.

FATHER. But how, if I should now tell you that both of the parties were right? Ivan and Gregory had seen the sun, though it was some degrees below the horizon, and yet they might justly say, that they had seen the sun. The old pilot had reckoned, that the sun on this day must have been still deep below the circle of vision.

JULIA. And had misreckoned?

FATHER. No. He had reckoned correctly, and so he could justly say, that the sun would first rise in five days.

MARIA. Father, will you explain that more clearly to us?

FATHER. You will soon see into it.

He laid a piece of money in an empty basin. "Now look here, Maria: do you see this piece of money?"

MARIA. Yes.

FATHER. (Then he placed Maria some paces back.) Do you still see it now?

MARIA. No. The edge of the basin hinders it.

FATHER. (Pouring out a pitcher of clear water into the basin.) Do you now see the piece of money?

MARIA. Yes, perfectly well. It appears as if it was swimming on the top of the water. I see it plain enough.

FATHER. And yet you are mistaken when you believe that you see the piece of money itself. You see only the picture of the money on the surface of the water, merely its image.

MARIA. Really, father!—Step forward the rest of you in my place, and say whether you do not see it as I do.

They all did so. They indeed found that the piece of money continually lay in the place in which they could not see it on account of the edge of the basin—and—yet they saw it. It scarcely need be mentioned that this appearance, of which every one of you, my young readers, can convince himself, much surprised them, and seemed in the highest degree inexplicable.

FATHER. Is it not true, my children, you might maintain that you had seen the piece of money from the place on which you stood?

GUSTAVUS. I cannot deny it.

FATHER. And so must you generally think of that appearance. Ivan and Gregory saw the picture of the sun, by means of the refraction of the rays of light in the vapors of the horizon, though the sun in reality could not yet be seen.

MARIA. But how was it in this particular case?

FATHER. This explanation would lead us too far. Be satisfied for the present with the experiment, which you have just made. A similar example you see, when you hold a small straight stick in a glass of water. As far as the stick is under the water, it will appear in another direction, and you would maintain that the stick is bent, though it is really straight. Try it with a knitting-needle, Julia; here is a glass of water.

JULIA. Why, so it is: the needle appears to bend in.

MAX. Is it so then with the sun at Spitzbergen when it has set?

FATHER. Just so. The sun that has gone down, is really already some degrees *below* the horizon and yet it always appears to the inhabitants of the Polar countries, to be above the horizon. In the region of which we know that our friends were, this apparent light of the sun lasts every time for five days.

MAX. According to this reckoning, the long night would therefore be ten days shorter. This would be an advantage for the poor men in that desolate region.

FATHER. Very true. But to proceed. It is evident that this would not likely escape the notice of the old pilot who had voyaged so far. It is possible that he had not thought of this experiment, and it is also possible that it had escaped

his memory. But he knew his two friends, and as he knew that he might rely on their word, so he delayed the decision till the next morning. Then he himself went with them, across on to the rock which projected above the cavern—and here he saw with his own eyes what he had before doubted. The sun so long absent, rose. It gave him courage, as to an unfortunate man who had been half a year robbed of the use of his eyes, and who now, after so long a period, and anxiously spent, for the first time enjoyed again his newly-acquired sight. With thankful tears he blessed God, and with this pious prayer, new and strong hopes of the further aid of divine Providence, and of being some time rescued, arose from this solitude in his heart. It was to him as pleasant as if he saw again an old friend, from whom he had long been separated. His two younger friends shared with him in these pious joys. They were also pious, good men, and hearts of this kind can enjoy no delights, without thinking of him who bestows them. But now to return to our story. The sun at first indeed remained only a few hours above the horizon, but every day it lengthened its stay, and finally in the first half of April, it no more went down below the horizon. It kept on its course above the circle of vision, without disappearing, in a circuit constantly increasing.

MARIA. And now the weather changed greatly?—

FATHER. As you may readily imagine.—Every hour and every moment, everything became different. In the beginning, in the first days of the actual sunshine it was still cold; but it was no longer that stiffening cold which took away the breath, and made it impossible for our friends to go out; it was an agreeable, beneficial freshness, that pleasant coldness, which is invigorating both to the body and spirits. It soon changed into a mild thawing air; a light fog arose and turned to a warm rain; the snow gradually melted away, and soon the valleys shone with new fresh green, and moss and other plants of this otherwise desolate land, grew up as in a hot-house, the higher the sun mounted. Only the distant icebergs, the bases of which probably rested in the ocean, stood there immovable, and picturesquely beautiful was the sight of the variegated mixture formed by the dusky black rocks, the silver-colored ice, the green ocean, and the blue heavens, when our friends from the summit of the rock, looked over this sublime panorama of the creation.

MARIA. It must have been a grand view! I should like to have seen it once at least!

MAX. I know of a sight which would have been still dearer to our friends. If on the green

sea there had appeared at a distance, a ship which was coming continually nearer; if they first saw the sail and masts, then the ship itself; and if finally the Russian double eagle had been seen on the yellow flag, and they had at last heard the huzzahs of the sailors.—Would it not, father?

FATHER. Certainly, they would rather have seen and heard all this; but the fulfilment of this wish so longed for, was yet far off. Gregory mentioned it, and his recollection somewhat repressed the joyful mood with which the magnificent view had inspired our friends. But they were not on this account dispirited, as the good man generally never is, and can least be when the view of the grand and majestic in nature awakens anew in his heart confidence and firm trust in God. Thus it was with our friends, who now went about their work with so much the more composure.

MARIA. And did they succeed in doing much?

FATHER. A great deal. Our brave friends knew not whether they were to remain on this island, or would be so happy as to see again their homes. The future was unknown to them; they only hoped. But these fair hopes, how easily might they all be frustrated! Therefore, they acted very wisely, in conducting their arrangements as if the worst really awaited them,—as though they might and would never leave the

island. If they then must really meet this hard lot, they would be collected, and prepared beforehand. It did not thus appear to them half so frightful as it would otherwise have done. But if they were to be favored by Providence with a happier lot, their joy would be the greater the less they had counted on it. They continued therefore, the more tranquil, and with the more diligence engaged in the labors which their situation demanded. And in fact, the occupations which the household economy, the cooking, the bake-oven, hunting, fishing, and hundred other things rendered necessary, were so many that—

MOTHER. We shall find it hard to hear about them all this evening. To-morrow evening, we shall I hope go the quicker to the work.

Eleventh Evening.

As usual the children were busily employed the next day. They knew from their own experience, that a cheerful, joyous evening always follows from a well and usefully spent day. They collected in the leisure hours around the stove, and soon the talk turned on Spitzbergen and their friends staying here.

GUSTAVUS. I am very curious to know all that Ivan and the company were busy about there. What they began with?

MARIA. That may be easily imagined. See, Gustavus, it was now beautiful weather; and then a master of a house is used to attend to the building and repair his dwelling. See now if our friends did not begin with this.

GUSTAVUS. Well, I do not know. What building was needed? The cavern stood firm. Or do you imagine that they would do there as you do here? They would then have to white-wash, paint, scour, wash windows, and set out

the garden, as is the fashion, alas! here, so that we can hardly find a corner to stay in.

MAX. Now, Gustavus, though the cavern yet stood, yet certainly the efforts of the bears rendered many repairs of the hut necessary.

GUSTAVUS. You are right, Max; I did not think of that. This must indeed be first undertaken. But something else was also needful.

MARIA. What?

GUSTAVUS. They must have done as did Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday.

MARIA. How was that?

GUSTAVUS. They had found in the cavern a fine supply of peas, beans, lentils, and barley, had they not? So I would have dug up a large piece of ground, and guarded it by a thick fence; I would have divided off the whole field into the usual beds, and sowed a part of all the stores. In the heat of the sun these would certainly have prospered well.

MARIA. To be sure. Especially the barley would have yielded a most rich harvest, would it not?

GUSTAVUS. Most undoubtedly. See, Maria, these things might go on as they would, they would be safe. If they were once more obliged to take up with winter-quarters on Spitzbergen, they would have had a well-filled magazine.

MARIA. Especially of the newly gathered

barley. What a rich product this would give! Almost as much as if they had sown their gunpowder. Really, Gustavus, I should not have entrusted such great agricultural prospects to you!

During the laughter at Gustavus for planting barley, their father came in. Even he was obliged to smile when the other children made him acquainted with Gustavus's plan for conducting the husbandry. "Write down the newly gathered barley with the bill of fare," whispered Maria with a little yet here permitted pleasure at his expense, in the ear of her brother Gustavus. It was an innocent retort for the ridicule with which Gustavus had joked his sister on account of her bill of fare. Naturally, this joking was kept within bounds, and it instantly ceased as soon as their father made arrangements to go on with his story.

FATHER. We left our friends yesterday—

JULIA. On the rock from which they had such a grand view, and busied with their plan of conducting household affairs.

MAX. And we have already talked of it, what would be the first and most needful of anything.

FATHER. This you shall at once learn. First our friends thought of their dwelling.

MARIA. Now, Gustavus? Who was right?

FATHER. They had spent a half-year in the close unhealthy cavern, and for almost two months in the unparalleled cold, they could not leave this abode, which must certainly be extremely injurious to their health. Now it was their first care to air the cavern; and to clean it, to free everything they had, articles of clothing, linen, beds, and provisions, from the heavy and mouldy smell, it was necessary that they should be brought out into the hot, shining and beneficial sun. They therefore carried everything out on the open place before the hut, which as you know was protected by the trench. Even the casks of gunpowder, the flour, and the house utensils were here included. Afterwards they opened all the barrels, beat the bear's and reindeer's skins, the sacks of moss serving for beds, and put them in the heat of the sun, which was continually becoming more glowing. Then they went into the cavern, where a fire was made in many places to drive out the heavy thick air, for which purpose they often flashed gunpowder. At last they did the same in the hut itself, which age and the weather made so ruinous, that almost a completely new building was necessary.

Finally, all three of them went to their place for getting wood, sought out the handsomest and straightest trunks, and then laboriously formed them into pillars, rafters, beams, and other

necessary timbers. Thus we see our friends at work as joiners and cabinet-makers, and so in the first eight times four-and-twenty hours, for as the sun did not go down they could not determine the time according to the usual mode of days, the hut was made almost new. They also made a new door, some new benches and tables, and thus their summer-house was soon in a habitable condition. Most of this sort of work fell to the old pilot, who, while Gregory and Ivan got out the wood, or went a-hunting or fishing, was thus busy at home.

MAX. So they caught fishes too, now?

GUSTAVUS. Maria, one addition more to the bill of fare!

MARIA. I know not yet how I could dress fish right with barley!

FATHER. That the labors multiplied, that the building of the hut especially caused much exertion, you may see.

GUSTAVUS. But, father, I would *not* have done the work.

FATHER. And why not?

GUSTAVUS. Ivan and his friends might hope to be taken off from the island, and why then the hard, useless work of building? To cultivate the field would be much more needful.

FATHER. Whether you are in the right, and our friends ought to have acted according to

your views, you will soon see. I believe they did well when they undertook the building that seems so useless to you. If they had the *hope* that they would be rescued from the island, yet it was not certainty. Hope might easily deceive, and it usually most deludes us when we reckon too strongly upon it. That ship on which our friends had come hither, according to all probability, was foundered, and of the crew none had got back to their country; and hence there could be no news of the residence of our unfortunates. It was improbable that another ship would lose itself in this region. Our friends therefore did right when they made preparations for a longer abode. Again: if the work had been ever so unnecessary, yet it had this benefit, that they were kept busy, protected from tedium, and rendered more cheerful,—for a man forgets his anxiety while at work. So too, there was a third reason which did honor to their hearts. How possible it was, that if they even should be delivered, some other unfortunates might be cast on this inhospitable island! How happy our friends had been, how well had they got along, when they found a sheltering hut, a cavern provided with stores! And it would be as good for others too, after them. They wished to deserve the thanks of the unfortunate. Would you have done otherwise, Gustavus?

GUSTAVUS. No. I would also have deserved their thanks. But I would also have done as Robinson Crusoe and Friday. I would have dug the ground, sowed and planted seeds.

FATHER. That our friends thought of this, active men as they were, you may regard as certain. But why they did not carry it into execution, you may soon clearly perceive. It was inconceivable to them, that notwithstanding the glowing sunshine, the soil always remained cold, never became dry, and yielded nothing but spoon-wort and some low stinted shrubs, as according to the degree of temperature, they might have expected to see many kinds of plants and even useful fruits. The valleys too, in which the sun sent down its glowing rays, and which were protected by the surrounding rocks from the fresh sea breeze, remained moist and their soil cold.

The cause of this remarkable phenomenon was inexplicable to our friends, even to the experienced pilot. They indeed made an attempt in the valley in which the hut stood; for in the side most exposed to the sun, they dug up a piece of land, and laid out several beds, sowing some of them with peas, and others with beans; but the first came up very scantily and soon died, while the latter scarcely appeared at all; and after a long time they found them rotted in the ground.

GUSTAVUS. That was indeed no good prospect for gardening!

JULIA (*aside to Gustavus*). They ought to have made one trial with barley.

FATHER. Once Gregory went out with Ivan, to catch fish, of which there were very many, among them some peculiarly fine and well-tasted kinds. They chose the region bordering on the basin, where lay their store of wood, and their fishing was very successful. The weather was beautiful. The two friends went further than they would otherwise have probably gone, and came to a far projecting height, which in this respect was different from others, that it did not appear to arise out of the rock, but from the earth. Besides, it was overgrown with moss and scanty grass, but what struck them much, it was marshy and wet. Some shrubs of a low kind which bore little black berries, attracted the notice of the two friends. They went yet farther, and finally came to a place where a part of the hill was caved in. They went down on the other side and saw, to their great astonishment, that the inside of the whole mountain consisted of pure ice.

MAX. Of ice?

FATHER. Yes, of ice. Think of a rock, which instead of stone, consists of clear, pure ice.

The wall of this ice, clear as crystal, rose above

sixty yards perpendicular in height, and on it lay a thin crust of loamy earth, covered with moss. The place caved in lay exactly so, that the sun shone on the vast mirror, and thus produced a most beautiful sight. By the warmth the ice became melted, and ran in countless little streams of water into the basin. Filled with amazement, the two friends remained standing some minutes to enjoy this dazzling sight, this beautiful mixture of colors blending together; and while they thought further of the appearance, they at last found in it the cause of the cold, and perpetually moist soil of the island.

JULIA. I do not see any connection with it.

FATHER. The island, at least the part where they now were, consisted, where there were no rocks, of ice, which was as old as the world itself. On this ice, firmly fixed by rocks, and between them was a thin layer of earth, which was formed from decayed plants and drifted wood, destroyed by the weather.

MAX. Was the soil everywhere so?

FATHER. At least in the region where our friends lived. Ivan and Gregory imparted their discovery to the old pilot. They tried an experiment in the valley, which was so warm with pits, and hardly had they dug in a few yards deep, than they came to a firm crust of ice. In the trench which surrounded the hut, there were

hardly a few inches of earth, the rest was solid ice. This discovery made the good pilot very anxious and sorrowful. He had counted on certainly increasing, by industry, in the cultivation of many plants for their supply, and now he saw this hope utterly disappointed. Their stores had considerably fallen off during the winter, and they must be replaced; but whence? From the productions of the land they could expect nothing but spoonwort and some other meagre plants. There remained, therefore, to our friends nothing but hunting and fishing. For the summer this was a tolerable prospect. But how would it be in the winter? How when the supplies of the magazine should be consumed? Whence were they to be again filled?

GUSTAVUS. But was it unquestionably certain that they would be obliged to continue on the island?

FATHER. I might, too, ask on the other hand, was their deliverance so certain that they ought to lay aside all provisions for the winter?

GUSTAVUS. No indeed, sir.

FATHER. Our friends would, therefore, have been very much to blame if they had yielded themselves up to a hope that was always uncertain. It was far wiser to fear the worst, to look forward to the worst as certain, and then to make all their arrangements to render it as little pain-

ful as possible. In the first place, they erected on the highest cliff of the rocks, a lofty tree, as a signal for any ship that might be passing, that men were living here who needed the help of others. As soon as a ship notices such a signal, a boat is put out, and sails to the region in order to ascertain the cause of this evident token of necessity. The tree which our friends erected, was of such a height that it could be seen in the far distance, and on the top of it they fastened some reindeer's and bear's skins. Still more. Not far from the tree they gathered together a large heap of wood, which could be set on a blaze in a few minutes. Smoke and vapor can be seen at a great distance, and our friends might reasonably hope that this blazing pile would not escape the view of any ship, which, though miles distant, should sail past the island. Every hour the old pilot mounted the cliff, from whence he had an uninterrupted view of the ocean, and with each hour his longing, his hope of seeing a ship to deliver them, increased. But often as he mounted the rock, no sail showed itself to his searching look.

GUSTAVUS. Then I would not have gone up again, and so spared myself the troublesome way.

FATHER. And you would have done very wrong. One must honestly perform his duty, though he may not reap any special benefit from it.

MARIA. Besides, it might be exactly that hour of the ship's passing, when the pilot was not at his post.

FATHER. Very possibly it might be so. He would then have made himself the bitterest reproaches.

It was now the hot days of June. The sun, which had not gone down for months, now mounted continually higher and higher, and had almost reached the highest point, without any ship to deliver them having made its appearance. It was now the twenty-first day of June, the longest day in the year, and the anxious doubts of our friends had risen to the highest pitch. For, from this time, the sun would descend lower again; it approached its complete disappearance, and when it began to sink so much deeper no ship would venture into this region. All vessels, which went a-whaling—and these generally the only ones which came hither—after the longest day has passed, return back home, because later navigation in this region, which lies so far north, is joined with the greatest hazards. It is only extremely rarely that a venturous ship dares to remain there longer.

The old pilot—and you know how calm and courageous he had usually been—became more anxious and sorrowful, with every fruitless visit to the cliff. The thought of his wife and chil-

dren, who knew not of his fate, disquieted him. He thought keenly of the grief of those whom he had left behind, whom he could not comfort and relieve, and to whom he was as it were dead. Sorrowful and downcast, he came back once more from his post to his friends. "You see," said he, "how vain are our hopes of deliverance. The sea on the south side is open, but soon it will be closed with ice, and then no deliverance will be possible. A miracle must save us, else we shall be forced to spend another winter, and possibly our whole life-time between these barren cliffs. Our lot is frightful!" Ivan and Gregory too were deeply cast down and discouraged. They were young men, who wished to make their entrance on the theatre of the world, and who had so much to expect from the future. They had sketched for themselves the finest plans, thought of themselves as already in high places of distinction, respected and honored in their country, acting effectively for the glory of the realm, and—now all these smiling dreams had vanished—their beautiful pictures of the future had been dissipated. They saw themselves shut up like prisoners, and nowhere was there to be seen a prospect of deliverance. Feelings of this kind might rob the most composed heart of peace.

But man raises himself again, as soon as he will be serious. Even in the most frightful situ-

ation of his life there remain means to tranquillize him. Here with our friends necessity effected it,—the unavoidable thought, "It is not and cannot be otherwise." They saw that they were driven to it, and so they formed the courageous determination to do everything which lay in their power, to render their abode on this desolate island as tolerable as possible. They pledged themselves to each other for a new, firm and unbroken friendship, and vowed to bear truly and honestly together what God has appointed to them. "No one has any reproach to make to himself," said the pilot. "Our business led us hither, and God forsakes no one who does his duty."

In this firm pious belief, they felt themselves strengthened. Calmly they went to their work, wrought as joiners, as blacksmiths, and like bees gathered for themselves stores for the winter before them, and forgot not also to go every hour to their watch-post, to discover any ship that might be in sight.

Once when all their labors which they had undertaken were finished, "I have now no inclination to begin anything anew," said the old pilot, "and yet I cannot sit wholly idle; else I should become sad. What if we should take a short journey this fine weather? We yet know very little of our country here." Ivan and Gregory were well

satisfied with the proposition. They could not propose any definite object for their journey; for they could scarcely hope that they would discover a better and more convenient spot, or a finer region for a dwelling; they merely wished to become acquainted with the country, in order in this way to drive off their anxious feelings.

Armed and furnished with provisions, they went along on the eastern side of the island between the rocks and steep cliffs, observing everything, and talking about everything that appeared remarkable. They had gone on thus some miles on the desolate strand, when they came to a little valley surrounded by low rocks. It ran deep into the inclosure of the rocks; a small brook, the banks of which were beset with low shrubs, rippled through it; a beautiful meadow spread out on both sides, and many water-fowls flew about screaming on its smiling banks.

Our friends stood delighted. At the sight of this hospitable region, and the earth covered with fresh green, they thought themselves transported into another part of the world, and several plants which they saw here brought them to the conclusion, that they had here found a better soil on which they could produce many things for their subsistence.

MARIA. If they but had their hut and their cavern here!

FATHER. The same thought occurred to Gregory. "I will examine this region more closely," said he. "If I find a safe cavern, then we will at once take up our quarters here. And if not, yet we will at least spend the summer here."

The old pilot, too, agreed to the proposal. One thing only was not so pleasant to him, that from this region and these low rocks, they could not look over the sea, from whence only could they expect deliverance.

As Gregory and Ivan then wished to go further into the valley—the pilot, having become wearied, sat down,—when all at once they heard a loud cry, to which followed the report of a gun, and at the same moment, they saw a reindeer, with the swiftness of an arrow, come bounding over the low rocks.* The hunted beast looked around in distress, and then dashed straight towards our friends, as it seemed, to seek their protection. Amazed they now looked at it closer; it was one of their own reindeer that they had tamed, and which had followed them without their knowing it.

MARIA. But that report of the gun, father, what was it?

FATHER. Our friends, too, observed it. They looked all around: who can describe their amazement, their joyous surprise, when they saw some

* See frontispiece.

English sailors in their blue jackets come over the rocks in pursuit of the reindeer they had been chasing.

Hardly knowing whether it was a delusive dream, or whether what they saw was reality, they stood trembling, and almost annihilated by the unexpected appearance; for sudden overwhelming joy has the same effect which a violent fright has; a man at the first moment cannot collect himself and think clearly. The hour of their rescue was come, all their anxieties, all their fears were dispelled. This idea had such an effect on them, that they could not utter a single word. Tears only, tears of heartfelt joy and thankfulness only could express what their souls felt in this happy moment. But their surprise was to be yet greater. Imagine what the good men must have felt when one of the strangers descended from the rock, who called on them, yet speechless for joy, by name, and asked them whether they were the unfortunate men, who a year before were left behind by the captain of an English ship on the island of Spitzbergen.

MARIA. It is inconceivable! How could the stranger have known this?

FATHER. In the most natural way in the world. As soon as our friends had replied yes, the stranger sprang towards them with a loud cry of joy,—and how can I describe to you what

the three happy men felt when the captain of the English ship stood before them and pressed them in his arms!

MAX. But father, I think you have forgotten that the ship was swallowed up in the ice.

FATHER. This our unfortunates only had supposed to be the case; they could not know, that the compassion of God had saved their friends in so remarkable manner from an almost certain death. But of this preservation we will speak more by and by.

MARIA. It must have been then joyful news, and question on question?

FATHER. As you can easily imagine! "And now friends," said the captain, "come to my ship, she lies here behind the rocks!" In company with the other sailors, the three rescued men betook themselves to the ship, at the sight of which the warm tears of joy gushed forth anew. The thought of all that they had experienced since the last time they were on a ship, was too much for their hearts. It was indeed only a year—but it embraced the most remarkable events of their lives.

Now they went to the table, the rare well-tasting food, and excellent wines refreshed our friends; a gratification of which they had been so long deprived. I leave you to imagine what they felt at this repast in the circle of their

friends; that can he only feel who like them has been preserved as if by a miracle from certain death, and whose despair has been suddenly changed into joy. The captain, too, was heartily gratified to have found again so happily and so soon, his friends whom he had believed to be lost.

MAX. Had he made this voyage on account of our three friends?

FATHER. Not precisely, although their fate was an additional motive to this voyage. The captain was well known in the English marine service as a bold, skilful and experienced sea officer, and as, just at this time, the Parliament had decided on sending out several ships on discovery to the North Pole, so he with many others was put in requisition to take part in the expedition. The hope of making new and remarkable discoveries, and probably at the same time of being celebrated among famous navigators, made this call on him welcome to him in the highest degree, and the more so, as he at once thought of our three friends, who had, in fact, sacrificed themselves in *his* service. He therefore determined to take the course of Spitzbergen, and if he could not save them, yet he would do all on his part to relieve himself from every reproach. No danger or hardship should be too much for him, to fulfil his duty of a

grateful friend. A fine new ship, an excellent sailer, was intrusted to his command. He left England and sailed between Norway and Iceland, along the eastern coast of Greenland, and favored by wind and weather, went onward till he was in the same latitude as Spitzbergen.

MAX. And then the fields of ice hindered his passage, did they not?

FATHER. No. The weather, this summer, was so favorable, that the captain nowhere met with fields of ice which might have interrupted his voyage. The small ones which he fell in with, were of that kind which could be easily avoided by skilful steering of the ship.

Now he sailed along past Spitzbergen. He indeed landed on the other and opposite side from that on which he supposed his friends to be, who, as you know, had gone ashore on the eastern coast of this island. But it was partly because it was his firm purpose to do all in his power to find his friends, and partly because divine Providence, as is so often the case, knew how to use two apparently trifling circumstances that a greater object, the deliverance of three brave men, in a short time—hardly two hours—was accomplished.

JULIA. Two trifling circumstances?

FATHER. Yes, two circumstances on which nothing, scarcely anything at least, appeared to

depend, and yet they were most important. Look on this map.—Here in this region north-west from the South Cape, the Captain landed in a beautiful bay. Accident,—as men call it, but really God's Providence, caused that our friends had not taken away the bridge over the trench. The space inclosed within the trench, was too confined for the tame reindeer, which our friends always kept there—and he sought the open ground, and followed his masters, who as you know had made an excursion of some miles. But soon the animal, that would else have been of their company, lost the track: he leaped about frolicsome and happy, cropping the plants sometimes here, and sometimes there, and thus he came into the region, in which the Englishman had landed. This was a new sight to him. Fresh meat was too welcome a thing to him not immediately to set out in chase of the animal; he cried out, and shot, but the reindeer rendered more shy, was too quick for him, and bounded over the low rocks, followed by some sailors with whom was the Captain himself.

The second circumstance was, that our friends should have undertaken this little excursion precisely on this day, and in *this* very part of the island. Had they remained in their cave, who knows whether the Captain would have come to this place? Who knows whether h

might not have taken a wholly different direction, which would have removed him further and further from our friend? And what surety was there that he would have noticed the signal on the rock?

Our friends at the table now related the history of the remarkable winter through which they had lived, and described their abode, their whole situation and the domestic arrangements so minutely, that the whole ship's company listened with the greatest attention, and all were curious to see the cavern and hut. After dinner, Ivan and Gregory went thither on foot with the Captain; but the old pilot remained on the ship, weighed anchor, and brought the ship round the South Cape to that bay, which was not far from the dwelling of our friends. This he did so safely and quickly, that the Captain with his companions did not reach the hut sooner than the crew of the ship. The whole company were conducted around through the cavern; for every one was eager to see the residence in which the three friends had lived nearly a whole year. All the stores were looked at, and the Captain also ordered them to be increased with some necessary supplies, especially with tools of all kinds.

JULIA. That was very useless. Ivan and his friends did not wish to remain on the island.

FATHER. It was not done for them, but for

the sake of others. The humane Captain thought of the possible case, that other seamen might be wrecked here and come hither in great straits, and be obliged to spend the winter in this solitary spot; to lighten the sad condition of such unfortunates, he caused many indispensable articles to be brought hither. The pilot also had to prepare an accurate description of the cavern, a list of all the stores, and an extended guide how a person might supply himself in the winter with many articles of food. This paper the Captain caused to be translated into English and Dutch, and placed it in a well-preserved little chest, on the table in the cavern.

MARIA. Did our friends remain long on Spitzbergen?

FATHER. No. What should they stay longer for? Besides, the time was dear and valuable to the brave English captain. He was obliged to profit by it as thoroughly as possible.

After some hours all were in readiness for their departure. Our friends took nothing with them but their clothing, and the dress they had made of the bear-skins. It was to be kept as a perpetual memorial. Besides they put into the Captain's hands the money which the Hollander had left. He promised to use all his endeavors to find out the relations of the unfortunate man, and he assuredly kept his word. The old pilot

took with him the Bible and the hymn-book; both of them were precious to him. But before they left the island he went once more alone, in order with warm tears of joy, to render thanks to divine Providence for the goodness which he enjoyed on this desolate island, for every assistance in many dangers, and for final deliverance. Ivan and Gregory were moved to tears. Everything which they saw, became more important in the moment of separation, for they all remembered vividly what they had gone through. Every place, every article, made a much stronger impression on their hearts. They stood there silent and solemn, when the sound of the firing of the cannon rolled through the rocks; the signal to call them on board. Now they cast a look on everything, and the tears gushed from their eyes as they silently bid farewell to a place which had been so full of events to them. Long they stood on the quarter-deck of the ship, and looked back to the island, the lower part of which soon disappeared from their eyes. The rocks continually sunk lower and lower, and only the highest cliffs stood up as mere points from out of the boundless ocean. Finally they too sank, and disappeared in the sea.

The Englishman now steered his ship in a wholly different direction. He had before determined to sail into Baffin's Bay, between Greenland

and North America, and would therefore be obliged, in order to reach it, to take a southern course, so as to sail around Cape Farewell, lying on the south side of Greenland.

GUSTAVUS. That would remove our friends still further from their native land!

FATHER. Providence disposed everything favorably for them. Between Norway and Iceland, the voyagers observed a ship, and when they came up with it, they found that it was a Russian ship bound around Norway to Archangel. The joy which the three rescued men felt on learning this, was further increased by the circumstance, that the Captain was a near relative of Ivan's. Our friends at once determined to avail themselves of this fine opportunity to return to their country. The parting with the brave Captain of the English ship, was affecting. With tears of gratitude, they bade him farewell; they felt mutually how valuable the friendship of one was to the others.

From the Russian captain, Ivan learned the report had spread in his native city, that the English ship had foundered, and all on board perished. He heard that his father most deeply felt the loss of his only son, and this news made him the more earnestly desire to reach Archangel as soon as possible. His eager wish was soon accomplished: a favorable wind drove the ship forward quick as an arrow, and in four weeks

the happy men saw the towers of their native city. How did their hearts throb at this sight! How they felt rejoiced and pained by turns as the ship ran into the harbor. It was as though they had but yesterday left this their native shore, so natural did everything appear to them. Scarcely had they reached the wharf, than Ivan and Gregory left the ship to hasten to the embrace of their father, who had for a long time bewailed them as dead. But how can I describe this meeting;—with what words can I express the feelings of that affectionate father, when he held in his arms his son whom he supposed dead;—with what words portray to you how Ivan and Gregory felt when they beheld once again their beloved father! Neither of them could utter a word; all their feelings seemed to lose themselves in tears of pious, grateful joy. It was like the return of the prodigal, and the father might truly have adopted the language: "This my son was dead and is alive again, was lost but now is found."

Hours passed before Ivan and Gregory were in a situation to relate their history. It was soon spread abroad, for there were not wanting friends in so respected a family, who sympathized deeply in the fates of Ivan and Gregory.

But still greater was the joy of the good old pilot when he once more saw his wife and his three children: still greater surely, was their joy

when they saw in the stranger entering their dwelling, the husband, the father and supporter of the family. The sympathy felt in the fortune of this honest-souled man was universal; every one was thankful to Providence, as though this happiness had been their own.

This history is another decisive proof, with what paternal love Providence takes care of those who leave themselves to His aid, and in this confidence honestly fulfil their duty.

GUSTAVUS. I am heartily glad that our friends have come off so well at last.

MARIA. And so am I. Especially when I think that they might have ended their lives on the island, like the poor Hollander!

MAX. And if this had been the case, what could they have done?

GUSTAVUS. Yes, indeed! But it was well for them that the brave Englishman saved them.

JULIA. But, father, you must tell us how he was saved, when he was wrecked, after they had gone on the ice to the island, and in that great storm.

FATHER. I will do so. But on further thought we will wait till to-morrow. The story would be too long for this evening.

JULIA. Well, good night. To-morrow evening, dear father.

Twelfth Evening.

THE story of the English captain was too closely interwoven with the fate of the three friends, for the children not to look forward most eagerly for the account of his unexpected preservation. They had become very greatly interested in him because he was so zealous and active in trying to find out with certainty the fate of the three brave men, who had been so unfortunate in his service, that he spared no pains to save them, and was signally favored by Providence in this attempt. They waited with longing for the evening on which they were to hear more about him, and hardly had their father taken his usual place, than the children crowded around him, and reminding him of his promise, begged him to go on with the account.

FATHER. Now then, listen, children! But we must go back a year in our story. You may remember, where we then left the brave English captain, the last time we saw him.

GUSTAVUS. O yes! On the wreck, shut in by the ice.

MAX. How our three friends had been sent to land, and gave the signal with rockets, which the captain answered.

FATHER. Very well. And now to proceed. The captain had noticed the signal agreed on and answered it. "A good sign," said he. "Our messengers have not only discovered land, but have also found a shelter, which will protect us from the weather. Thank God! Now we will do what we can to get to them." He immediately commanded the whole wreck to be cleared out, and to take everything that might be useful or appeared worth carrying to the land. The way thither was a large smooth field of ice; he therefore directed the two ship carpenters to make a sleigh or sled of the broken mast, while the sailors began to carry up the casks and stores which were in the hold, on the deck. In the meantime the captain went into the cabin to arrange and pack up his papers.

Then the pilot's assistant came to him with an anxious countenance. "Well now, what news?" asked the captain. "I advise you to hurry your departure as soon as possible, if you wish to be successful." "Why so?" "The weather is changing; there is a storm brewing at the north-west, a moist air with thick falling snow."

The captain himself ran up on the deck, and found that it was even so. He was about to give command to hurry the journey, and to spur them on, when to his great horror, he observed that the vast field of ice in which the wreck was inclosed, was in motion, and was driven off to the south-east, and so continually further from the island.

MAX. And his ship?

FATHER. Of course with it, as she was wedged fast in the ice. The brave captain was almost unnerved by affright, for every possibility of reaching land was now vanished.

MARIA. What then did the poor men now do?

FATHER. They could do nothing else than try to keep up their spirits. "Boys!" said the captain, "it is impossible to reach land; we cannot and ought not to leave the wreck. We are in the hands of Almighty God, and must follow whither the ice drives us. All hope of deliverance is not yet lost."

JULIA. A frightful comfort that!

FATHER. But it was the only one which remained to them. The captain examined to see whether the wreck was yet firm enough in its sides, to be able to withstand, in a measure, its pressure, in case the ice should be dissolved; a hope which was almost as good as none.

JULIA. Why?

FATHER. The pressure of a cake of ice, miles in extent, and several yards thick, is too powerful not to dash in pieces any ship that it might strike against. The captain himself gave up his life for lost, but he carefully disguised the danger from his crew, because he wished to keep them the more courageous and active than they would have been, if they wholly despaired of being saved. With a calm visage he exhorted them to do their duty, to watch everything closely, and not to let go the hope of being yet preserved.

He himself went down into the cabin, and wrote to his relatives. In the letter he mentioned the whole ship's company, and our friends too, by name, told of their sorrowful fate to which they were exposed, copied the account also in the Russian language, and marked out the latitude in which his ship met the misfortune.

JULIA. That was very well, father; but how then was this letter to reach his friends? Who was to take care of it?

FATHER. Yes, that had to be thought of. I see that it would have been a great difficulty with you, and I must, therefore, remind you of the history of a famous navigator.

MAX. I know, you certainly mean Columbus, who, in a terrible storm, made a description of his discoveries and put the letter—

JULIA. Into a barrel, and having fastened it up, threw it into the sea.

FATHER. True. The captain did the same. He placed the well-drawn account in a little cask covered over with pitch, and set it on the ice. The custom prevails on the sea-coasts to have any such casks or bottles driven on shore, taken up, handed to the nearest magistrate or authority. They are then opened by him, and the letters sent on their way by the post to the proper office.

MARIA. Such a special journey by the post must often give unnecessary sorrow and many needless affrights.

FATHER. That may be, and the result will teach you that this was the case here. But it was the only way to give information to his friends. The weather continued stormy and rough, and indeed it grew more and more so, though the cold, which had before been so severe, had become milder.

MARIA. That was a great blessing.

FATHER. On the contrary, the warmer the air grew, the more the cake of ice broke to pieces. The wreck was thus the more exposed to danger to be dashed in pieces, as it had no mast, no rudder to steer it between the single cakes. Supposing, too, they should gain the free and open sea, what was to become of them there in a helpless, unmanageable wreck? It was, therefore, no im-

provement in the condition of these unfortunates that the weather was milder; unless we regard it a benefit that their sufferings would the sooner end.

The immense cake of ice was driven on continually further, urging the foaming waves before it, and followed by the roaring billows. When the masses of falling snow diminished, and the air became somewhat clearer, they could scarcely perceive the mountain waves, so long and broad was the field of ice, which inclosed these unfortunates. Three days, and as many nights, they were thus driven forward.

JULIA. That was the time in which our friends could no more perceive the wreck, and looked out on the open sea?

FATHER. This was after the first night. Probably the wreck was then not far from Spitzbergen. Only the high mounting waves would have prevented their being able to see the low wreck, fastened in the ice, and our three friends could not believe anything more certain, than that the wreck had gone down with the unfortunate men in it.

For three days then were the poor men so driven onward, when the air became clearer, the weather more calm, the cold more severe, the wild foaming waves subsided, and the field of ice stood fast as a rock.

JULIA. Thank God!

MAX. I am not so certain that this sticking fast like a rock of the cake of ice was fortunate? What do you think, father?

FATHER. This circumstance increased the wretchedness of the poor men. Suppose it should become so fastened, that it remained utterly immovable—

MAX. Could that be the case?

FATHER. Very easily. We find in those seas, ice that is many hundreds of yards thick. If the current of waters drives such a cake on a shallow, or a sand-bank lying hid under the water, it would stick fast, and the wreck would remain uninjured. But what now would become of the unfortunate men? They could not leave the cake of ice which formed, as it were, a desolate island far away from any inhabited regions. Suppose, too, that the poor men had a good boat on the wreck, and had carried it to the edge of the ice field and got into it, whither should they direct themselves? How could they hold out with the few means of subsistence they could take with them? How withstand the dreadful cold in an open boat? What land should they make for? How should they reach it?

MAX. Questions indeed most weighty, and unanswerable for what I can see!

FATHER. In every case, whether they should now remain in the wreck, or venture on the dan-

gerous attempt to leave it, certain death must be their lot; the only difference probably was that their distress and tortures might be shorter in one way than in some other.

MARIA. A horrible situation! We pitied our three friends on Spitzbergen, and did not know that they were to be envied in comparison with the ship's crew.

FATHER. One proof more, that there are always more unfortunate persons than those whom we regard as such.

GUSTAVUS. Now, father, how did the poor men get along?

FATHER. That the thirty men of which the ship's company consisted, felt themselves in the highest degree unhappy, and the more clearly they perceived their frightful situation, must have despaired of their being saved, you may easily imagine. In the prospect of certain death, where every mode of deliverance seemed impossible, even the most courageous lost their courage, and so it was no wonder that for the first hour or two at least, all the men gave themselves up to mute despair.

MARIA. I really do not know what these poor men could have, to give them any comfort.

FATHER. And yet in a very few hours they were more tranquil and composed, than could have been expected. The thought—as in the case of our three friends—"It is so now and cannot be

otherwise," rendered them more calm, and courageous; from this state of feeling hope revived, that perhaps deliverance might be possible, and this hope strengthened them in the determination to do everything that could assist in saving themselves.

MAX. That was right, father, was it not: but what *could* they do?

FATHER. Little indeed: but still something. The brave captain called the whole crew together, "We are thirty of us!" said he. "We have a good firm boat. My advice is that we launch her and take with us what we can, and try to reach the island, on which our Russian friends are. Are you willing?"

GUSTAVUS. That was the best course! Certainly none of them could think otherwise.

FATHER. Do you think so? You will hear, however, that some of the most experienced sailors objected to the proposed dangerous undertaking. They represented to the captain, that they did not know how far the storm might have driven the ice with the wreck, in three days and nights, and how distant the island might be. Again, in the course which had been so often changed of the storm, they could not determine the region in which that island lay; and they therefore did not accurately know where they were to look for it. And in the third place, they did not know whether they might not strike

against some fast iceberg; and if this should not be the case, yet they would always be exposed to the greatest danger, between the floating ice especially, in case a storm should arise. Besides in days which lasted only a few hours, they could undertake no distant voyage; and how should they protect themselves against the cold, in an open boat, and during the long nights.

GUSTAVUS. These were indeed strong objections.

FATHER. The captain yielded. Though he was really convinced that little hope existed of their deliverance if they remained in the wreck, yet he acknowledged the fearful dangers which were connected with their leaving it. As he saw that no one agreed in his opinion, so he would not expose himself to the reproach of having rendered others unfortunate by his advice. He determined to share with his people, whatever was impending over them, and in the midst of them, await the last hour of his life. By his command one of the sailors was sent with the little cask which always lay near the wreck, to the open sea and to commit it to the waves.

MAX. And what now did they do?

FATHER. They all prepared for the last moment of life; only the brave captain indulged some hopes.

MARIA. But, why? What reason had he?

FATHER. He remembered, that sometimes in the later season of the year, ships were detained in these regions.

MARIA. Small grounds for hope, I should think.

FATHER. Even a *little* hope is often a *great deal* for the unfortunate.

MARIA. Even if there really was a ship detained, could it be, that it would notice the wreck?

FATHER. Of this the experienced captain took care. During the day signals were made from a high pole, and rockets sent up hourly through the night. They had done this for eleven nights without any answer. The cold was increasing, their provisions, strength and courage lessening, when on the twelfth night the sailor on the watch burst into the cabin with a loud cry, "A signal! A signal in the south-west!" Overcome with joy the men rushed into each other's arms, and on their knees poured forth their thanks to God for this deliverance.

Who can describe their happiness as the next day they descried the ship from which the signal came. From it a boat was sent, and the crew mounting the ice, took the poor Englishmen to a Danish vessel, on which they reached Copenhagen, from whence after a short detention, they arrived in their own country.

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